

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

26th Year. No. 42.

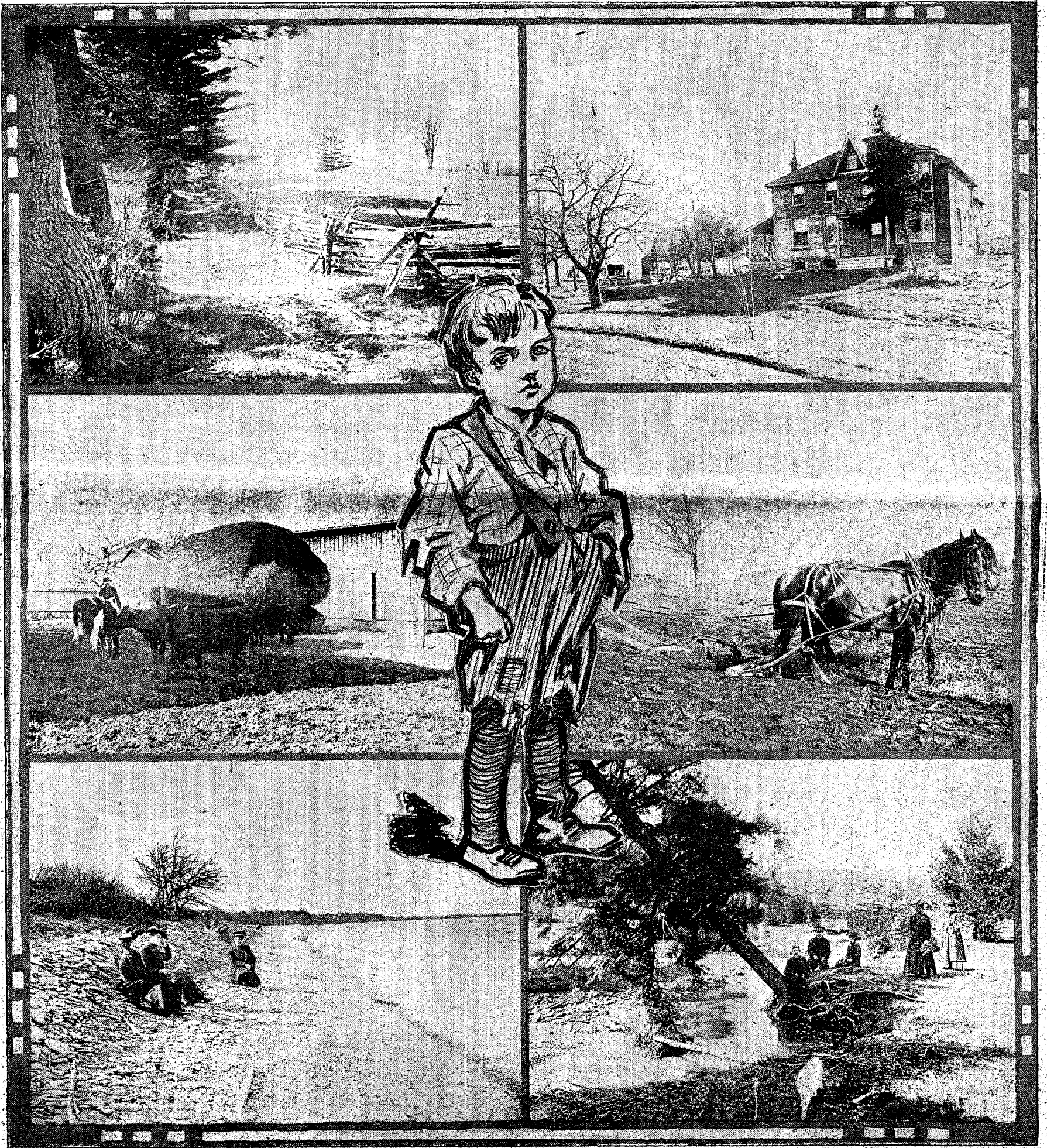
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JULY 23 1910.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price 2 Cents.

FRESH AIR CAMP FOR POOR CHILDREN.



These photographs depict scenes on the Farm near Lorne Park that has been selected for the site of the Fresh Air Camp, at which about fifty children from the poor quarters of the City will spend a fortnight. Read the appeal on page 8, and send a donation to Commissioner Coombs for this purpose.



Life in the Mine.

Dark and Silent Corners.

In Great Britain there is almost as much of The Salvation Army underground as there is on the surface. In other words, a large proportion of its Soldiers are miners, or are in some other way employed "down-under."

And it is inspiring to read that in these dark and silent corners of the earth the light of Salvation, carried by brave and holy men, often shines most brightly.

The nature of their occupation, as well as the character of their surroundings, makes life in the mine, for the Salvationist at any rate, full of thrilling incident. We want stories of adventure, Salvation testimony, conversion, heroism, and—if they are forthcoming—of death at the post of duty; in short, anything of an inspiring character from the lives of Salvationists in the mine.—British War Cry.

Angels in Blue Serge.

Women who are Doing Some of the Noblest Work in the World.

"Many of the lasses that form the rank and file of the Salvation Army do the very noblest work in the world," says a sympathetic writer who is contributing an interesting series of articles on Army women and their work to "Cassell's Saturday Journal." "They think nothing of sacrificing their comfort, and draining their slender resources, to aid people in poorer circumstances than themselves; they count the hours well spent that are occupied in nursing the sick, and they venture, alone and unprotected, into the most repulsive dens upon errands of mercy.

"Bookkeeper, milliner, shop-worker, factory girl, or whatever else she may have been, she has laid aside her own interests to brighten the lives and save the souls of the most wretched and degraded wrecks of humanity and to appreciate her at her full worth, one must follow her into her social work amid the vilest slums.

"There, too, she makes her home, available to the call of the needy or the sick at any hour of the day or night.

"There are countless injuries from which women and children suffer in the slums that a doctor must never see, for fear of a police-court case, with themselves in the witness-box to give evidence against drunken husbands or fathers. But what is hidden from the doctor is readily disclosed to the 'Angel in Blue Serge.'

The Praying League.

General prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. For special blessing and guidance to be given to our Leaders, yea, to all our comrades.

2. For great unction to rest upon all summer soul-saving effort.

Thanksgiving for answered prayer.

A brother for whom prayer was requested in this department writes of hope and courage renewed as a direct result.—Hallelujah! Let us continue to pray, dear friends and comrades.

Sunday, July 24th.—The Traitor. Matt. xxvi.: 1-15; Luke xxii.: 3-13.

Monday, July 25th.—Last Supper. Luke xxii.: 14-19; Matt. xxvi.: 21-27; John xiii.: 22-35.

Tuesday, July 26th.—Lesson by Example. John xiii.: 2-38; Matt. xxvi.: 35.

Wednesday, July 27th.—Many Mansions. John xiv.: 1-17.

"Her work is of the hardest and most nerve-destroying character, and her wage is barely a living wage. But her heart is in the work; her whole life is devoted to it, and she is quite content. For, underneath her frock of plain blue serge she is a ministering angel, if ever there was one.—New Zealand War Cry.

Great Soldier's Noble Letter.

Sympathy with Poverty's Victims.

Though Lord Wolseley is known everywhere as a great general, and an admirer of The Salvation Army, the knowledge is not so common that he possesses a heart which beats in sympathy with the poor and suffering. And yet surely one of the noblest despatches he ever penned is his letter to Lady Glenesk, wife of Lord Glenesk, the late proprietor of "The Morning Post." To this charitable lady the stern warrior wrote:

"My interests are absorbed in the British Empire. I believe that within a radius of four miles from where I write there is poverty and misery and vice in such amounts that if all the energies of the charitable amongst us were devoted to help and relieve these unfortunates of our own race who are near us, even then much would still remain to be done. Until I have seen all these home wants relieved, my hand and heart refuse to go out into distant countries.

"How can I in my conscience give 5s to help Arabs in their delightful climate, where living is a luxury, and whose wants are small, to enable one to live there, when I know that round the corner here there are many hungry English children crying to their mother for bread?"

"My wife's 'scrap cart' brings us into contact, or rather to the knowledge, of so much want and so many wants, spiritual, medical, and hunger, that I shudder as I think of the good dinner and very pleasant evening I enjoyed yesterday at Hampstead."—London Social Gazette.

The Thing that Thrills.

The Passing of the Composer.

What is it, we ask, in music that thrills the listener with strange and wondrous emotions? It is not the skilful production of so many sounds, measured off in so many bars to the minute. Notes thus given their liberty are only so many mechanical wave sounds or vibrations. Neither is it altogether due to the harmonizing of these sounds so that they fall pleasantly upon the ear and carry a

certain idea to the brain. This, too, is largely mechanical, that is, the same effect could be produced automatically by any musical instrument, and it appeals chiefly to the intellect. We have, in one sense, no more right to designate these things as music than we have the right to speak of a Corps as consisting merely of bricks and mortar, and a certain set of religious beliefs and platitudes. No; that, in music, which quickens the pulse, and which thrills the heart with lofty and ennobling emotions is not in anything mechanical; it is the soul, the spirit—the passion if you like—of the composer and the musician combined which is finding expression in musical sound.—Bandsman and Songster.

Suppose the Little Cowslip.

Suppose the little cowslip

Should hang its golden cup,

And say: "I'm a tiny flower,

I'd better not grow up!"

How many a weary traveller

Would miss its fragrant smell!

How many a little child would grieve

To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drop

Upon the grass should say:

"What can a little dew-drop do?

I'd better roll away!"

The blade on which it rested,

Before the day was done,

Without a drop to moisten it

Would wither in the sun!

How many deeds of kindness

A little child can do,

Although it has but little strength,

And little wisdom too!

It wants a loving spirit

Much more than strength, to prove

How many things a child can do

For others, by its love.

—Australian Young Soldier.

Over Six Billion Passengers.

New York's Electrical Railways.

The electric railways of the United States carried last year 6,680,000,000 fare passengers. That wonderful increase is due to the growth of the street railway and interurban service, better transportation facilities and the increase of suburban residents.

The number of persons to be transported has increased at the rate of 1,500,000 annually. The number of passenger-cars operated has increased at the rate of forty per cent. for the last five years. With the population of the United States estimated at about 85,000,000, the figures given above would seem to show that every man, woman, and child in this coun-

needed to clear the skies and change the atmosphere for the little lone and lonely traveller.

GOD'S HIGHEST IDEAL.

A flood-tide is a rising tide. It flows in and fills up and spreads out. Wherever it goes it cleanses and fertilizes and beautifies. For untold centuries Egypt has depended for its very life upon the yearly flood-tide of the Nile. The rich bottom lands of the Connecticut Valley are refertilized every spring by that river's flood-tide. The green beauty and rich fruitage of some parts of the Sacramento Valley, whose soil is flooded by the artificial irrigation rivers, are in sharp contrast with adjoining unwatered portions.

The flood-tide is caused by influences from above. In the ocean and the portions of rivers under its influence by the heavenly bodies. In the rivers by the fall of rain and snow swelling successively the upper streams and lakes.

God's highest ideal for men is frequently expressed under the figure

try has ridden seventy-eight times on the electric railways within the past year.—New York Social Gazette.

The Irish Farmer's Kindness.

An Army Story with a Lesson.

Several years ago, when I was travelling through New South Wales in charge of the Cavalry Fort "Warrior," with a Lieutenant and a Cadet, we reached a point only a few miles from a well-known southern town where we were to spend almost a week for the purpose of resting our horses and rendering assistance to the local Corps. Beside the road was a fine field of oats in process of being reaped. Leaving my lads to unharness the horses and prepare our midday meal, I made my way to where several men were reaping, and enquiring for the boss, was referred to a tall, raw-boned farmer, who surveyed me from head to foot as though not quite certain whether or not I had fallen from Jupiter.

His "An" a good day to you, sir, in reply to my salutation, sounded good-humoured, and also confirmed the impression I had already formed that he was an Irishman, and "not long out." He listened in silence while I explained my mission. I wished to purchase about four dozen sheaves of oats for my horses. His silence continued for some little time after I had ceased speaking, and he continued to stare at me as though that Jupiter problem were still unsolved.

Presently he broke out in his rich Irish brogue: "Look ye heré, my neighbour over 'ere belongs to yer Salvation Army." Here he paused, and my thoughts were busy. What little disagreements often occur between even well-meaning neighbours! What little vexatious happenings had taken place? What impression had that Army neighbour made upon this rough, uncultured man?

But my thoughts were soon recalled, and my fears set at rest, for he continued: "An' of all the neighbours I've ivir had, e's the verry bist. It's a fact, man. Iviry blissid b't of a chance 'e gits 'e's doin' me one good turn or another, an' I 'ave been waitin' this long time for a chance to get even wid 'im. An' if ye'll be so kind as to go on to the top of yon little 'illick, ye'll find a bit o' good stuff there, an' if ye'll take iviry shafe yere want'n' fer yer 'orses, jist as long as yere stayin' in the town, ye'll do me a favour. An' will ye be so kind as to give my verry bist respects to my neighbour Mr. B——, when ye see him?"

I took my sheaves, and re-learned a valuable lesson.—Australian War Cry.

of a river running at flood-tide. Ezekiel's vision of the future capital of Israel gives prominence to a wonderful river gradually reaching flood-tide and exerting untold influence.

John's companion vision of the future church in the closing chapters of Revelation finds its radiating centre in an equally wonderful river of water of life. When Jesus would give a picture of a Christian man up to His ideal He exclaims: "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." John's explanation years after was that He was speaking of the Holy Spirit's presence in the human life. Jesus' ideal would put our lives at the flood-tide. No ebb-tide there. No rise and fall. But a constant flowing in and filling up and flooding out.

Love is ambitious. God is love. And therefore God is ambitious for us. In the best sense of the word He is ambitious for our lives. The old impression has been that salvation is for the soul, and for Heaven. Well, it is for the soul, and it is for Heaven, but it is for the present life and for this earth. Some of God's most far-reaching plans have to do with this earth.—Selected.



A Day at a French Post.



REAKFAST is over in the Officers' Quarters; the Bibles still lie open upon the table. The Adjutant, Captain, and Lieutenant are upon their knees, crying to their God for power to meet the indifference and incredulity of the people in the gay city of Paris; praying for opportunities to reach, through body or mind today, the souls which so often and so gaily elude their touch.

"Captain," says the senior Officer, as they rise, "you will be reading the lesson in the meeting to-night; there is a clear hour in which you might prepare for it before going to visit those two converts of last night. Lieutenant will attend to the household tasks, and I am going to visit Madame Pons, who is sick, and two or three Soldiers who are discouraged. We will meet at dinner."

Madame Pons greets the Adjutant with true French effusion. She has reason to love her. The Pons' home has been a very different one during the past few months. Madame was a Catholic bigot a year ago, and her husband hated religion, believing that all religious leaders were only priests and preachers for the money they could get out of it.

"Burning Candles."

His atheistic attitude greatly distressed his wife, who only felt safe when she attended Mass and went to Confession with the strictest regularity. Every day she went to church to burn a candle for her recreant husband. The money she spent in tallow would have kept a native missionary in India! She had always been a delicate woman; that gave her additional journeys to various shrines to pray for healing.

"Ouf!" grunted her sceptical spouse on these occasions, "the more you go to Mass the more sick you get!"

One evening she went out on the Boulevard for a little air, and as she sat there beneath the trees, a Salvationist approached her with a bow and a program advertising meetings in the Salle Auber not far away.

Knowing more of the immoral practices of the gay world around her than of these strange religionists, she began to question within herself if the invitation were quite as good as it should be. A lady passed.

"Madame—if you please," exclaimed she impulsively, "this—do you know if it is a gay house?"

The lady happened to know l'Armee du Salut, and reassured her at once. "But no, Madame, you may go there safely."

She strolled into the Hall, but there was a great disturbance, and she was much frightened.

"Calm yourself, Madame," comforted the Adjutant, running down from the platform to her; "it is nothing but a mother who has come to beat her child because he will come to the meeting. See, I will let you out by another door. Be sure you come again."

Contrary even to her own expectation, Madame Pons was found in the Hall the following night. It was a thoroughly good meeting; the testimonies and exhortations struck her as remarkable.

"It is a good religion; it will do very nicely for my husband. For me, I have my own religion; but he requires one badly, and this seems suitable."

Praying to the Saints.

Her husband was safely tucked away beneath the eider-down quilt when she reached home; but she attacked the subject nevertheless, and coaxed him to "go and hear the ladies talk." He promised. Thereupon she went early next morning to burn another candle, and to pray to the saints that he might turn towards the religion of l'Armee du Salut.

"How did you like it?" she asked eagerly, upon her husband's return next evening.

"It did not displease me," he said tentatively; "but I must find out if it is a religion of 'shop,' like yours."

The following morning she burned another candle, and again implored the good offices of several saints, and at night she safeguarded her husband to Salle Auber. While the Adjutant talked to the man, a fine, strong, clear-headed fellow—she danced about behind him, her hands clasped in a fever of anxiety, murmuring "Oh, pray that he may take it! Pray that he may take it!"—as though this religion were a species of infectious disorder.

The Adjutant gave him a New Testament to read, and for a week or two the man was very unhappy, while every day his wife burned a fresh candle.

"I am miserable," confessed he to the Adjutant, in one meeting; "but I cannot come to the Christ, for I do not believe."

Turning the Tables.

"Then come to Him whether you do or no," was her response. "Come as you are."

He rose instantly, knelt at the penitent-form, and began to pray, and that night was truly converted.

It was now the husband's turn to "burn candles," which he did by breaking off work in the middle of

the morning in order to go to Headquarters, and beg the Officers to pray with him for his wife's conversion, and kneeling down with her himself every night to plead with God that she might be shown how the true Light shineth.

Preparing for Penitent-Form.

Eight days after her husband had been converted, Madame Pons decided that she would become the same kind of Christian, cost her what it might to give up her old Church. She prepared herself for the penitent-form in a truly Catholic fashion, devoting the whole day to meditation, fasting, and prayer. It was a vital step, and she took it solemnly.

No wonder, as the Adjutant enters her sick-room this morning that she looks radiant, and gives expression to her joy. She and her husband are completely transformed, and their home is a little heaven.

Made moiselle Blanc is the next on the list. She is a poor Soldier living in a tiny room on the seventh storey. All day she works hard, and there is no brightness in her life until she is able to wash away the dust of the day's toil, and go out to the meeting.

"But I am so glad to see you!" she exclaims; "I have something I wanted to bring."

She reaches from the cupboard a long netted purse, full of bright sous, and pours out a stream of them amounting to ten francs.

"It is for the good God," she says simply.

"I cannot take it," objects the Adjutant. "You cannot spare so much; you are very poor."

"Ah, but I shall be desolated if you do not! It is for Him who has done so much for me. Every day I pick out the brightest and prettiest ones for God, and it is the only joy I have."

"But what will you do if you are ill?"

"I will go to the hospital," is the quick reply; "the good God will care for me. To-day I must not be selfish; there is a paralysed woman next door to whom I must conduct you. She has no sunshine of heart from the good God, as I have. Come, and we will go."

An hour later, the Adjutant meets her Officer-comrades at the mid-day meal. The Lieutenant tells how her cookery was hindered by the visit of a young woman from Jersey, freshly arrived in Paris, who, because she had known The Salvation Army in Jersey, expected to be provided with safe lodgings and an escort thither. The bouillon had to attend to itself while the Lieutenant conducted her to the Hotelier's (Shelter and Lodging Home).

Visits of Mercy.

The long afternoon's visiting is shared by each of the three Officers, each going in a different direction to accomplish more work.

It is seven o'clock before they meet again for supper and prayer. At 7.45 they go into the streets, armed with leaflets of invitation to the meeting; and, like Madame Pons, many a sceptic and worldling is gathered in by this means who would never otherwise attend a religious meeting.

Cosmopolitan Crowds.

From 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. seem late hours to an English mind, but no Parisian congregation could be gathered earlier. The Salle Auber audience is a study in itself. Workmen in blue blouses, most of whom are more used to hearing of socialism than of salvation; seamstresses in black dresses, with well-arranged hair which is guiltless of hat or bonnet; a few older women in white caps; men whose scepticism has curled their very lips, and kindled a mocking light in their eyes; here a couple of tourists; near them a scribbling journalist; there an absinthe drinker; yonder an English Army friend; in the corner a Swede; behind him a Russian, who is evidently here for purposes of curiosity; right in the front a widow whose head is shrouded in black; but whose heart has been comforted and blessed a score of times in these meetings which she loves so well.

The platform is no less interesting. While the meeting progresses much as every Salvation Army meeting does, let us glance at the Soldiers and Converts.

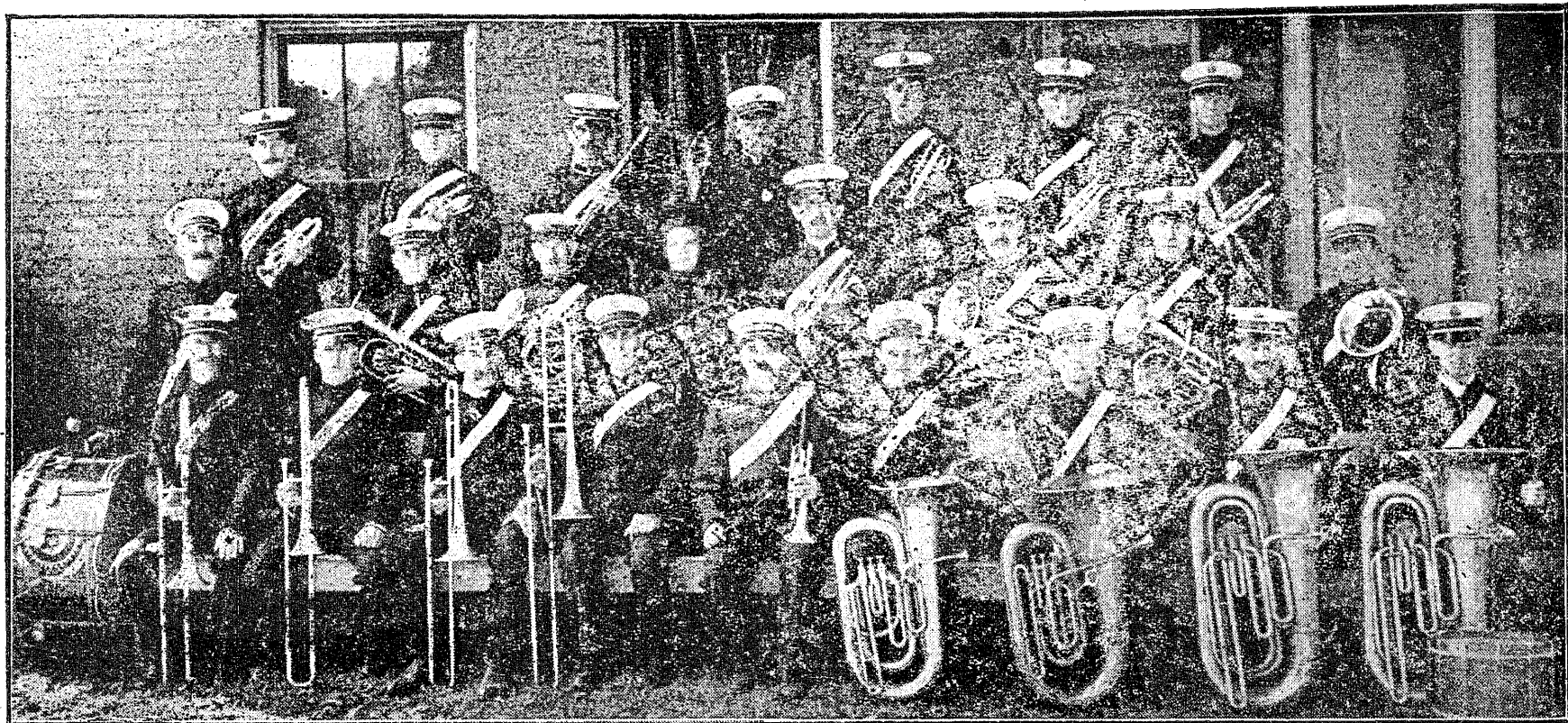
Military Service.

That fine, tall fellow of twenty-four, in the uniform of the Municipal Guard, was for years a sorrow to his mother. He volunteered for military service before his turn came, fell into deep sin, and for four years stifled his accusing conscience, and became at length so miserable that he contemplated suicide, only being held back by a secret belief in eternity.

A furlough of three months brought him again within the reach of his mother's influence; but, unable to bear it, he re-engaged himself for another term of four years. On returning to the barracks he found a comrade had been converted, who, to his surprise, talked to him about his soul.

(Continued on page 14.)





THE WINDSOR BAND AT LEAMINGTON.

An Interesting Week-end.

The Windsor Band, accompanied by Adjutant Hancock, visited Leamington, Ontario, on Saturday and Sunday, June 25th and 26th, and had a very interesting and profitable time. Before leaving Windsor, the accompanying photo of the Band was taken a few minutes before the car left.

Upon arrival at Leamington, the Band gave a festival in the Town Hall, which was presided over by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Shepherd made some very interesting remarks about The Army, showing himself to be very intimate with The Army's work, both in the old land and this.

Among the items rendered by the Band were: The Shields March, Under the Colours, Redemption, The Ringing Song, Consecration and Invitation, three vocal solos, a duet and a male quartette.

Sunday, in spite of the heat, the Band worked hard. They had a long march to the tent of a sick Comrade, by whose side they played "Grace there is," and "Hiding in Thee." After prayer and a hand shake, we bade good-bye to the sick Comrade (who seemed much cheered by the visit,) and hastened to the Hall for the morning service.

We have lately made some changes in The Band, thus strengthening the parts. We have just welcomed Brother Bert, Giles (Flugal Horn) from London I., and Brother George Willis (Clarinet) from Sarnia, whose playing is much appreciated. Both Comrades are Blood and Fire Salvationists.

Bandsmen, filled with the Holy Ghost and playing sanctified music, wishing to come to Windsor, please communicate with Bandmaster Downing, a good solo and 1st tenor are needed very much just now. Work is plentiful. Bricklayers could be placed right away.—Stanley Downing, Bandmaster.

Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie are to take charge of Glace Bay, C. B.

Lieut. Col. Pugmire recently visited Bala, Ont., where he gave an address on Sunday night in the Presbyterian Church on The Army's prison and police court work.

THE WINDSOR BAND.

A Life Tragedy Told.



NE day, two years or so ago, there knocked at the door of the Officers' quarters at Junee (in Australia) and unexpected visitor. She was a middle-aged woman, wearing a great garden hat, lavish with roses, and a costume suggestive of a "gay" life. The face, however, beneath the showy hat was dreadful in its misery, and the traces of dissipation that were written on that not uncomely features. As soon as a lassie-officer opened the door she cried half-hysterically, "Oh, take me in! Do not turn me away. I am in trouble, and I have no one to help me if you can't. If you send me away I shall only go from bad to worse." Inviting her inside, the Officer soothed her, and said, "I will gladly help you all I can, but if you really want to give up your sinful life, God alone can help you." The woman was a notorious character in Junee, the keeper of a house of ill-fame, a woman who had been in prison, a frequenter of Chinese opium dens, a gambler, and occasionally a drunkard. The circumstances that had now brought her to the Salvationists' house, and the results of her visit, will be told in due course; but this is her story:

When quite a girl she grew very fond of dancing, and it is from the time she commenced to attend assemblies, and to the company she met there, that she dates her downfall. At this period she lived with her mother in a respectable home, earning her livelihood by needlework for a clothing factory. One evening her mother sent her into the town for a sister's photograph. It was not ready, and the girl thought, while waiting, she would go into a hall where dancing

was in progress. Intoxicated by its pleasures, time slipped by, and her sister, who had been sent to look for her, found where she was, but could not induce her to come away. The mother was told, and went herself to the hall, but her daughter had gone. Fearing to go home she stayed out until she met a girl who invited her to go with her. They went together to the Chinese camp. Here they took away her clothes and locked her in a room. In the morning she came to terms with the occupants of the house, and agreed to stay where she was. A few days afterwards her uncle and some detectives, who had traced her, took her home. Her mother had her sent to a Refuge, but a desire for a loose life had seized her, and, as soon as it became possible, she got into another Chinese den at Richmond. She had learned to smoke opium, and the vice had gripped her with its dread power. Here, too, she was traced by her mother, but she would not go back with her, and before the mother could obtain police aid the girl cleared away with a Chinese to Beechworth. She was followed and arrested, and, being over the age at which she could be sent to a school, she was sentenced to twelve months' detention in Melbourne gaol. This was disastrous, for, in the prison she learnt a great deal more of evil, and nothing of good, and on her release entered designedly on a career of vice in its most shameful and degrading forms.

All this time she indulged in the opium habit, but for some time before her visit to the quarters, instead of smoking, she took to eating the burnt charcoal scraped from the pipes, and another preparation exactly like soot, the result of a further cooking of the charcoal. This change came about not so much from a desire to reform—though she says she would at any time have gladly paid £30 or £40 if she

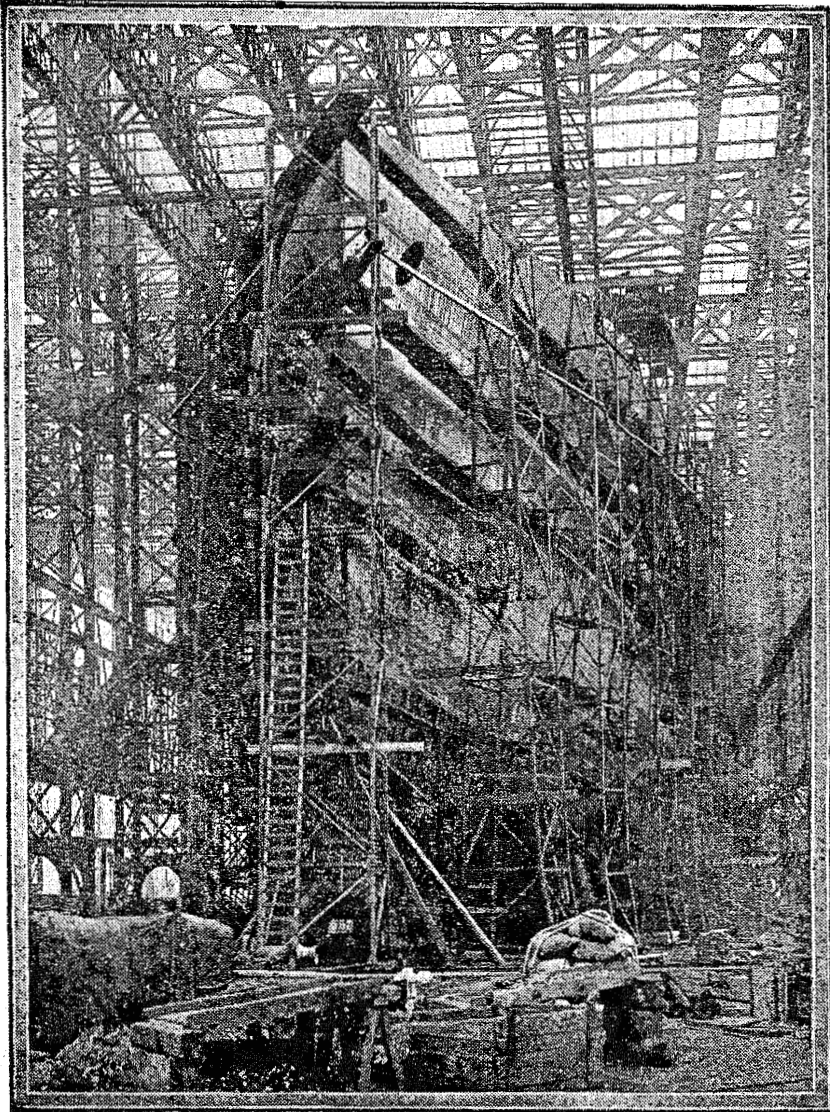
had known of a cure—as from pique at losing, in the den at which she smoked, a valuable brooch, which was stolen from her. This brings the sad story to something over two years ago. Things had gone badly, even from her point of view. A police court trouble had got her into worse, than usual odor with the authorities, and she had been served with a writ of ejectment from the four-roomed house she occupied for wrongful purposes. Something of the aftermath of an ill-spent life oppressed her as she brooded over her troubles, and thoughts of what "might have been" added to her misery. No doubt, the dreadful depression following on the use of opium had something to do with it. Speaking a day or two ago of that time, she said: "I got very miserable about my lot, and I made up my mind there was only one way out of it—to take my own life. Just as I was coming out of a room, a bottle of poison in my hand, I seemed to hear a voice distinctly say, 'There is another way—surer way.' I looked all round the room, and under the table. I thought 'the people next door are trying to make a fool of me.' But there was no one. I still seemed to hear the voice. I was frightened, and I made up my mind I would go to The Salvation Army and see if they could do anything for me. It was they who led me to see my sins in their true light."

Well, to tell the sequel as briefly as possible: When the poor woman's troubles had been poured into the sympathetic Officer's ears, the question came, What could be done? It was evident she must not be sent back to evil surroundings, and it was decided to keep her in their own home until other arrangements could be made. Communication with the relatives did not bring immediate results, though the family has since become reunited. Work was found so that she could be independent, and on the Sunday following she went to the afternoon meeting at the hall. The Soldiers were singing, "The Conquering Saviour Can Break Every Chain," and thinking, "Then He can help me to conquer the opium," she rushed out to the penitent-form. It was the middle of the meeting, but they turned it into a prayer-meeting round the penitent woman, who with many tears sought pardon, and no one who has seen the miraculous change of the past two years can doubt it. One of the first things she did after her conversion was to take the roses out of her hat, the rings from her fingers, the silk dresses and finery associated with her former life, and make a bonfire of the lot and destroy them. The opium was harder to relinquish. One feels, "She loves much, for to her so ill did she become at times from being deprived of it that it seemed almost a necessity, and for a little while she occasionally took small quantities; but it troubled her, and she spoke about it to an Officer in Melbourne, who warned her she was keeping hold of what God wanted to put from her, and from that day she and the treacherous drug have been total strangers. Despite ill-health, she earns her own living scrubbing and cleaning; and never murmurs. She is a humble Christian, full of gratitude to God, and longing to do something to help others who have gone astray. Listening to her testimony much hath been forgiven.



The Salvation Army Women's Home for Inebriates in Australia, recently opened by the Premier of Victoria.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS



Improved Modern Methods in Shipbuilding.

Girders and Scaffolding.

The great improvements which have taken place in recent years in the conditions under which liners are built is well illustrated here. Instead of building in the open as formerly, huge covered-in erections of steel and glass now protect both the vessel and the workmen. Only those who have seen a liner in course of construction can have an adequate idea of the huge network of girders and scaffolding which is required to be erected all round the ship. In the construction of the Cunard Company's new steamer, "Franconia," seen here about four miles of girders and about 100,000 sq. feet of scaffolding area are being utilized. The "Franconia," which is intended for the Boston service, is being built on the Tyne. About 3,500 men are employed on the construction, not including the small army of decorators and others who will perform their allotted tasks before the ship is ready for her first batch of passengers. It is the bow end of the hull which here faces the spectator.

A Murderer's Warning.

A young Italian was recently hanged in Toronto Jail for the crime of murder. He leaves a wife and family to live as best they can and to bear the stigma of his deeds and execution. This is all due to liquor. While in a drunken frenzy he killed a man with whom he was on friendly terms. On becoming sober he bitterly regretted his rash act, but that was of no avail. He had to suffer the penalty of the law. In a statement he made just before his execution, he said:

"Let this be a warning to Italians and others who are addicted to drink, for, only for the cursed liquor, I would not be in the position which I am to-day."

And how many more are saying the same thing? They may not have gone to the lengths this poor man went, but as they look back over a wasted life they see what they might have saved, and how they might have

advanced to better positions had it not been for their drinking habits, and feel like saying also: "Only for the cursed liquor I would not be in the position I am to-day."

Alcohol is sure to bring a curse in its trail, so resolve never to touch it, young man, and you will never regret the self-denial.

Intemperance Means Business Loss.

The United States Steel Corporation is making a big effort to lessen drinking. It is stated that they propose to invest ten million dollars in breweries, not for the sake of the profit, but in order to get control of nine breweries in Fayette County for the purpose of lessening instead of increasing their business.

Statistics show that for three days after pay day, on an average the company's mills run at only two-thirds of the capacity because of the intemperance of employees, and that hundreds of tons of material are ruined daily through incapacity caused by drink. The object of the corporation is to endeavor to control the sale of liquor so as to refuse to supply inebriates, and to strictly limit the amount supplied to other persons.

It is being recognized more widely every day by business firms that intoxicating drink tends to lessen a man's capacity for work, and soon, perhaps, none but total abstainers will stand a chance of getting the best positions.

Can Man Stand it.

Flying must certainly be a nerve-racking ordeal for human beings. Owing to the late rapid strides in the art of aviation, the question is now being raised as to whether the human organization will stand the entirely new stresses imposed upon it by the conditions of flight.

It has been noticed recently that pilots making frequent ascents before large crowds show what is not a fear of flying, but a growing realization of the risks run while in the air. The airmen examine every detail of their machines before rising

with an ever-increasing care, and they study the wind conditions with an almost painful minuteness, which shows that they have become fully aware that the slightest miscalculation would have disastrous results.

Irritability, a faulty memory, a sudden desire to avoid the risks of fast motoring, and a disinclination to fly any more than is absolutely necessary, are the principal signs of the airman's nerve strain.

"Ultimately," declared a medical expert who has begun to study the airman's nerves, "I believe the human frame will accommodate itself to airmanship, because the start will become simpler. But the strain with the present-day machines when giving demonstrations day after day is, I think, almost unendurable."

A Diabolical Plot.

"The wicked plotteth against the just," wrote Solomon. That they are still just as actively engaged in their hellish business is proven by recent events in Cleveland. But we are glad to note that the plot has failed and that a brave man has triumphed over the crafty foes who sought to break him. Chief Kochler of the Cleveland police force set himself to rooting out evil in that city, and consequently the evid-doers hated him. They therefore charged him with gross immorality, habitual drunkenness and other crimes of the worst character. Their evidence was the worst possible that could be raked up by the most disreputable witnesses dragged from the slums. The old saying "give the devil rope and he will hang himself" came true, however, in this case, for the witnesses told much incredible stories that it was evident they were lying. The chief was gloriously vindicated and his accusers are forced to have uttered the foulest perjury. We rejoice with others that the powers of evil have not had it all their own way this time.

Railway Gardens.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is encouraging its employees to decorate station premises in a most effective way by offering prizes to

those who cultivate the neatest flower beds.

Each general superintendent will award a prize of twenty-five dollars to the station agent having the best flower garden and neatest grounds at the station. A first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars will be awarded to the locomotive foreman who has the best flower garden and neatest grounds surrounding round houses and premises on each general superintendent's division. A prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars will be awarded to the section foreman, on each general superintendent's division, who has the best flower garden and neatest grounds surrounding the company's section house, situated on the company's premises.

In addition to the above several other prizes are offered for the photographs of these flower gardens.

Our railway stations ought to be pretty now.

Across the Atlantic by Airship.

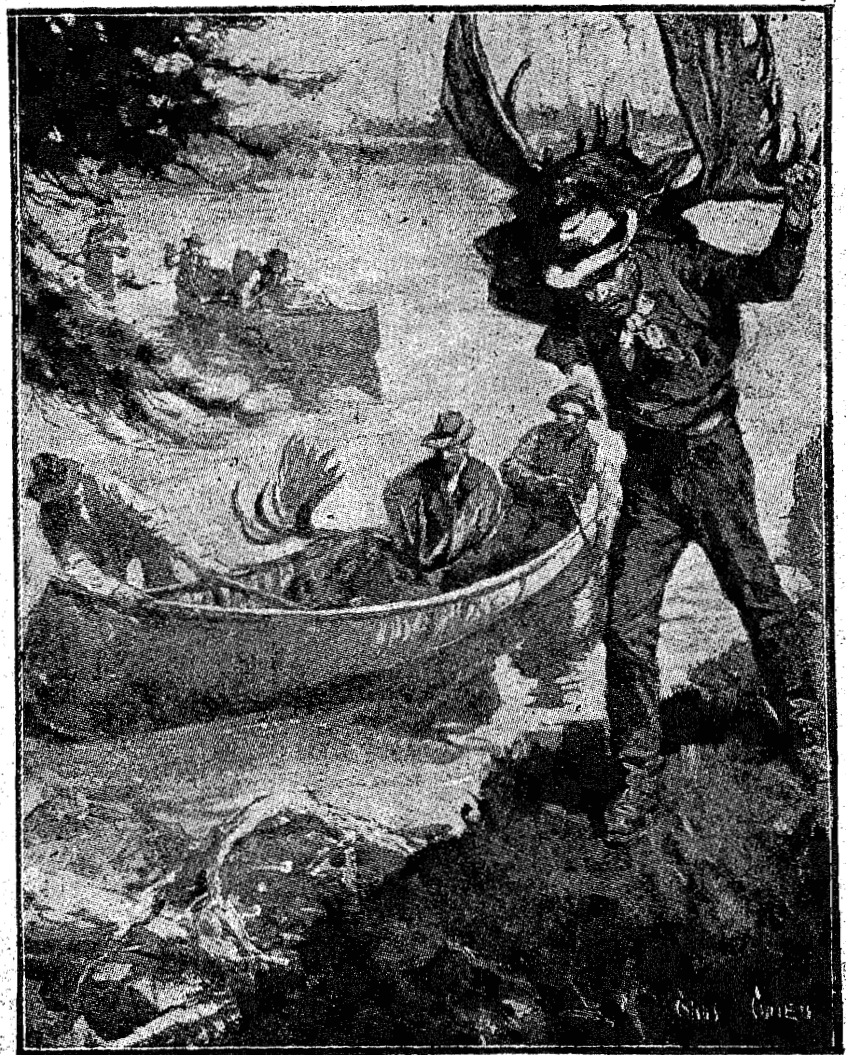
It is stated that an attempt will be made this summer to cross the Atlantic Ocean in an airship. This difficult task is to be undertaken by Walter Wellman and Melvin Variman on their own responsibility.

The start is to be made toward the end of August or early in September, from a base in the vicinity of New York. If practicable, London or its vicinity is to be made the eastern terminus of the voyage.

The airship to be used is the motor balloon known as the America, which was built for the Wellman polar expedition, and twice severely tested in voyages over the Arctic Ocean north of Spitzbergen.

A crew of six men will be carried, and the airship will be fitted with a wireless telegraph outfit, enabling them to maintain constant communication with land.

The purpose of the voyage is a much higher one than the performance of a mere sensational feat in aeronautics. It is to make a demonstration on a large scale of the utility of motor balloons for naval and military purposes, and thus to contribute to the progress of the arts and sciences.



Canoeing on a Canadian River.

Promoted to Glory.

SORROW AT HANT'S HARBOUR
OVER FOUR DEATHS.

We have had great cause to be sorrowful this past three months, owing to the death and drowning of four of our dear comrades of this Corps. First of all I may say that on April the 5th our hearts were torn by the sad death of one of the oldest Soldiers of this Corps, in the person of Mr. Corbit Mitchell. He indeed suffered more than we can tell, but he was not known in all his months of suffering to murmur or complain. The last time the writer visited and asked him how it was with his soul. He said: "All is well. I haven't any reason to doubt my God. I have served Him, and I am going to enjoy my reward." Our next sorrow was on June 12th, when Daniel Loder, a young man of 19 years of age, passed to his reward. He also suffered for a few months with that dread disease consumption. He was not a Soldier, but his mother is, also his father, who died some years ago, was a Soldier. He put off his soul's salvation for a long time, but we are glad to say that he found pardon before he died, and passed peacefully away leaving a testimony that it was all well, and that he was going to be with Jesus. This was a comfort to the sorrowing mother and sister. But the saddest of all was on June 13, when another of our old and tried Soldiers, Mr. Short, with his little boy of about 12 years of age, while returning from the fishing grounds capsized his boat, and both were drowned. This has been the gloomiest time that the people of Hant's Harbour ever passed through. Our comrade was a faithful servant of God. He was never known to shirk his cross, but was always on hand ready to pray and speak for God. Our prayers and sympathy are with the sorrowing family and all the loved ones. May God bless and sustain and help us all to be faithful and meet our comrades in that Land where there is no sorrow.

BRO. SAMSON OF TWILLINGATE.

On June 23rd the Messenger Death visited our ranks, taking from us Brother Peter Samson, after a very long illness. Our Brother was a great sufferer, yet he bore it patiently. Death had no sting for him: his peace was made with God. When the end came, all was well.

The funeral was conducted by Adj. Hiscock. A large crowd of people attended. Our prayers and deepest sympathy are with the widow and the children. May God bless and sustain them in this their deepest hour of bereavement. L. S. R.

JESSE MILES OF TILT COVE.

We have been reminded of the fact that we are passing away in the death of Jesse, son of Treasurer and Mrs. Miles of this Corps. Though Bro. Miles was only 17 years old when he died, yet for seven or eight years he has been living for God. And the cheerful way in which he bore all his suffering caused all who came to see him to look upon him as an example of what a Christian ought to be.

As the writer visited him as he lay dying and spoke to him of Heaven, he tried in his weakness to tell how glad he was that his time on earth was so short. I thought while listening to his dear father and mother speaking of what a good boy he had been, oh that every father and mother could say the same of their children.

We laid him to rest Sunday, July 3rd, and at night conducted a memorial service. The meetings were well attended, and in the night meeting several of the comrades spoke of his Godly life. The Treasurer also spoke, and as he told the Godly life and peaceful death of his dear boy and of the assurance he had of meeting him again in a better Home, many hearts were touched. We pray that God may help the bereaved in their hour of sorrow.

It is not sufficient to simply start the race; we must make up our minds to continue to the end, enduring the cross, despising the shame.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. BUNTON.

A Biographical Sketch.



APT. WALLACE BUNTON was born at Stellarton—a mining town in Nova Scotia. He still has vivid recollections of the advent of The Salvation Army to that place. Quite a storm of excitement was raised when big bills were posted around the streets announcing that The Army would "open fire" on a certain date. "Oh, dear," said Little Wallace to his mother, "some people are coming to set fire to us." Mrs. Bunton smiled. She had already caught The Army



Mrs. Bunton.

fire down in New Glasgow, and she hailed with joy the establishment of a Corps in Stellarton. The fervent preaching of the pioneer Officers had a great deal to do with setting Wallace "on fire" also. Though he was only a little chap he was greatly stirred by the straightforward talk of the Captain about a real Devil, a blazing Hell, and a glorious Heaven. What he heard at the meetings was supplemented by what his mother taught him at home, and so the truths of God were early implanted in his mind.

A few years later the family removed to Springhill. Wallace went to work as a fan turner in the coal mines. Now working in a mine is not very conducive to a life of Godliness, and Wallace soon got into the ways of the mischievous boys who were his companions. Possessing an aggressive character, he soon became their leader, and exercised quite an influence over the rough and ready lads. He had his turn at all that was doing in the mine—becoming successively a trapper, a light carrier, and a cage runner. He then obtained his certificate as a practical miner, his wage-earning capacity thus being greatly increased.

The mine in which he worked was 3,800 feet deep, and, as may be imagined, he ran many risks while toiling for his daily bread, and often had hairbreadth escapes. His immunity from accidents he attributes to the protection of God. All this time he had regularly attended The Army meetings, but, as yet, was not converted. The coming of Captain McElheney (now Adjutant) was the turning point in his career.

"Say boys," said Wallace one day, "let's go down to The Salvation Army to-night and have some fun with the new Captain." The 'boys' agreed, and that night they trooped into The Army Hall intent on mischief. But the fun of the whole thing was that their leader got terribly convicted of sin. This knocked the bottom out of their scheme, and they all went quietly home. Next night Wallace called off a meeting of a local club, and went to see Captain McElheney instead. He found that gentleman kneeling on the floor busily engaged in "scrubology" and singing away as happy as a clam at high-water. The result of the interview was that Wallace got more deeply convicted still. He would not yield to God, however, and became extremely miserable, not

being able to properly sleep or eat for three weeks. Indecision is killing. At last, in a public meeting, he asked to be prayed for. Next night as he was passing the Hall he paused to listen to some prayers that were being offered by a group of soldiers previous to going to the open air. He heard his own name mentioned. Later on, at the close of the meeting, the Captain said: "Now we'll sing 'Following Jesus,' and if nobody comes forward we must close the meeting." Bunton felt that it was now or never, and so taking off his overcoat and deliberately placing it on a back seat he said to a few acquaintances present: "Boys, I'm going to get right with God." He then went to the Mercy Seat and prayed aloud as he had never prayed before.

When he got through, he found that half a dozen of his old companions had followed him to the cross. The report of what was going on down at The Army soon got abroad, and so, when the converts rose to their feet to testify, instead of facing a few people, they had quite a large crowd.

Next morning, on going to work, Bunton was greeted by a crowd of about three hundred miners. "There he is," cried one, "he joined The Salvation Army last night." The young convert did not waver, but took a bold stand then and there. "Yes, lads," he said, "I joined The Army and I'm going to stick to it."

Then they cheered him and no more derisive cries were heard.

It is characteristic of Bunton to take bold steps like that and it has always won him the respect and confidence of those around him.

He became an ardent soldier of the Springhill Corps and would have been content to stay there and do all in his power to push the war had it not been that he felt God's call within to enter the path of Army Officership. He wanted to stay home at first, arguing that he could do just as much good as a soldier, but he could not find peace that way. He applied for Officership, therefore, and went to the Training Home for three months. Then the "blue moon" shone, and instead of trusting God and going forward he beat a hasty retreat. How his conscience smote him now! He



Captain Bunton.

tried to keep up an appearance of being a follower of Christ, but his own heart told him that he was a backslider. After enduring much soul-torment, he at last reconsecrated himself afresh to God's service, and re-applied for the work. Back at the Training Home once more he threw himself into the work with all his heart, and kept so busy fighting the Devil that he had no time to brood over his past failures, and thus became a prey to discouragement again. Work is a fine tonic. He got a double dose of Training Home this time—as a punishment for his past sins, he says sometimes, though in reality it was because of his fitness for the post of Sergeant. When asked by a friend if he would stay on at the Training Home as Sergeant, he em-



Brother and Sister Sorrel, Soldiers of Rhodes Avenue Corps, Toronto, recently married by Brigadier Morehen.

phatically answered "No." He felt quite condemned over it afterwards though, and when the time really came for him to decide he said: "Well I d'n't come into The Army to pick and choose my appointments. Anywhere for Jesus is my motto." And the Captain has maintained that spirit through all his career as an Officer.

His first Corps was Niagara Falls. Upon arriving there one of the first things he did was to kneel down with his Lieutenant and offer God their lives for the salvation of the people. With such faith and determination an Officer is bound to win, and so it is no wonder that during Captain Bunton's stay the Corps progressed. In eight months the attendance at meetings greatly increased, the finances doubled, and 135 souls knelt at the Penitent form.

He next went to Sturgeon Falls, where he had the misfortune to fall sick. At one time his life was despaired of, but by the mercy of God he pulled through, and in a short time was at it again as hard as ever. At Huntsville, Bracebridge, and Gravenhurst he spent a short time at each, and was then appointed G. B. M. Agent for West Ontario. He spent fifteen happy months at this work, and saw over 500 souls at the Mercy Seat in the meetings he conducted. It is a time he looks back to with peculiar pleasure, for besides gaining a rich fund of experience, he met the young lady who is now his wife. It was at Berlin where he first saw her. Landing in town tired, hungry, and somewhat discouraged, he was cheered and charmed by the kindness and hospitality of Captain Luger, then in charge of the Corps. A friendship began which ripened into affection, and, feeling it to be God's will, the young people have pledged themselves to each other for service together under The Army flag.

The last Corps of the Captain before his marriage was Yorkville. Encouraging progress was made here, some 225 souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat, among whom were several of the worst "drunks" of the neighborhood.

Mrs. Bunton is a Torontonian by birth. She was converted at Yorkville Corps about nine years ago, and has spent about seven years in the Field work of The Army. As assistant to various Officers she has been stationed at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., North Bay, Parry Sound, Dundas, and Toronto I. The first Corps she had charge of was Chesley. Then followed Berlin, Guelph, and London II.

Captain and Mrs. Bunton will take charge of West Toronto Corps. We wish them prosperity and good success.

Our thoughts are heard in Heaven. No Soldier of God can either become strong in soul or keep robust, without daily prayer.

A "COUPLING" TIME AT TILLSONBURG.

And a Remarkable Answer to Prayer.

Colonel Sharp, accompanied by Adjutant Riley, visited Tillsonburg recently, and had a remarkable time. On the Saturday night, after a good rousing meeting, a couple of surrenders were made for Jesus Christ. This was certainly a good start for the Campaign. On the Sunday morning, after a good holiness talk, another couple made their way to the front to consecrate themselves for service. The afternoon meeting was an extra special one in that a couple of Soldiers were sworn in under the flag, and at the end of the meeting another couple found their way to Jesus' feet seeking mercy. The night meeting produced another couple at the Mercy Seat amidst general rejoicing. On the Monday night, as a fitting climax to this wonderful time, a couple were united under the Colours, the happy folks being Captain Ben Bourne and Captain Elizabeth Lewis. The "I Wills" were quite definite and distinct, and all joined in wishing God's best blessing on the Union.

One very remarkable event of the week end's campaign was that of a very old gentleman of over eighty years of age who had been converted under Colonel Sharp a great many years ago. He has been almost stone deaf for years, but when he heard that the Provincial Commander was to conduct the week-end meetings he and his old lady set to pray that God would restore his hearing so that he might hear the Colonel once more before he went hence, so great was their faith that God answered prayer; and on Sunday all day he attended these meetings, being able to sit well back in the hall, and hearing every word distinctly. Who says God cannot answer prayer.—Crichton.

THE SECRET OF CONTENTMENT.

Contentment abides with truth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are, whether it be richer or greater or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture. It objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alteration of the one engrossing pursuit and a sort of listless apathy. They are either grinding or doing nothing. Now, to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid, without quiescence. A man should have some pursuits which may be always in his power and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation. And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? And the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow creatures as he ought.

Nearly 600,000 cycles are manufactured in the United Kingdom in the course of a year, and their value is over three and a quarter million pounds.

The Speaker of the House of Commons draws a salary of £5,000 a year, and on retirement is usually awarded a pension of £4,000 and a peerage.

Heart Purity.

By COLONEL BRENGLE.



THE incoming of the Holy Spirit means the outgoing of all sin, of "all your filthiness, and of all your idols." How plainly it is taught. And yet, many of God's dear children do not believe it is their privilege to be free from sin and pure in heart in this life. But, may we not? Let us consider this.

1. It is certainly desirable. Every sincere Christian—and none can be a Christian who is not sincere—wants to be free from sin, to be pure in heart, to be like Christ. Sin is hateful to every true child of God. The Spirit within him cries out against the sin, the wrong temper, the pride, the lust, the selfishness, the evil that lurks within the heart. Surely, it is desirable to be free from sin.

"He wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full Divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will."

2. It is necessary, for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Sometime, somehow, somewhere, sin must go out of our hearts—all sin—

If my soul, from reason rent,
Takes from sin its final bent.

"As the stream its channel grooves,
And with'n that channel moves;
So does habit's deepest tide
Groove its bed and there abide.

"Light obeyed increaseth light;
Light resisted bringeth night;
Who shall give me w'll to choose
If the love of light I lose?

"Speed, my soul, this instant yield;
Let the light its sceptre wield.
While thy God prolongs His grace,
Haste thee to His holy face."

3. This purification from sin is promised. Nothing can be plainer than the promise of God on this point. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols w'll I cleanse you." When all is removed, nothing remains. When all filthiness and all idols are taken away, none are left.

"But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans v.: 20-21). Grace



Champion Self-Denial Collectors, Victoria, B. C.

From left to right: Top Row—Mrs. Deardon, \$20.50; Capt. Knudson, \$180.00; Mrs. McGregor (nee Branagan), \$22.00; Grace Salmon, \$12.80; Mrs. Shaw, \$84.00; Bro. Karns, \$11.75; Mrs. Webber, \$40.00; Alice Saunders, \$12.00; Maud Keefe, \$18.00; Cathie Ramsdale, \$18.00. Captain A. Nelson collected \$307.50, but was not present when this picture was taken.

or we cannot go into Heaven. Sin would spoil Heaven just as it spoils earth; just as it spoils the peace of hearts and homes, of families and neighborhoods and nations here. Why God in His wisdom allows sin in the world, I do not know, I cannot understand. But this I understand: that He has one world into which He will not let sin enter. He has not tied us in advance that no sin, nothing that defiles, can enter Heaven, can mar the blessedness of that holy place. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." We must get rid of sin to get into Heaven, to enjoy the full favour of God. It is necessary.

"Choose I must, and soon must choose
Holiness, or Heaven lose.
If what Heaven loves I hate,
Shut for me is Heaven's gate!

"Endless sin means endless woe;
Into endless sin I go

reigns, not through sin, but "through righteousness," which has expelled sin. Grace brings in righteousness and sin goes out.

"If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus, Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i.: 7). Hallelujah!

"Being then made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness" (Romans vi.: 18).

These are sample promises and assurances any one of which is sufficient to encourage us to believe that our Heavenly Father will save us from all sin, if we meet His conditions.

4. And that deliverance is possible. It was for this that Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, came into the world, and suffered and died, that He might "save His people from their sins" (Matthew i.: 21). It was for this that He shed His precious blood: to "cleanse us from all sin." It was for this that the word of God, with its wonderful promises, was given:

"That by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust" (2 Peter i.: 4); by which is meant, escape from inbred sin. It was for this that ministers of the Gospel—Salvation Army Officers—are given, "for the perfecting of the saints" (Eph. iv.: 12), for the saving and sanctifying of men (Acts xxvi.: 1j). It is primarily for this that the Holy Ghost comes as a baptism of fire: that sin might be consumed out of us, so that we might be "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light"; that so we might be ready without a moment's warning to go into the midst of the heavenly hosts in white garments, "washed in the blood of the Lamb." Glory be to God for ever and ever!

And shall all these mighty agents and this heavenly provision, and these gracious purposes of God, fail to destroy sin out of any obedient, believing heart? Is sin omnipotent? No!

If you, my brother, my sister, will look unto Jesus just now, trusting the merits of His blood, and receive the Holy Spirit into your heart, you shall be "made free from sin"; it "shall not have dominion over you." Hallelujah! Under the fiery touch of His holy presence, your iniquity shall be taken away, and your sin shall be purged. And you yourself shall burn as did the bush on the mount of God which Moses saw; yet you, like the bush, shall not be consumed; and by this holy fire, the flame of love, that consumes sin, you shall be made proof against sin.

A Queer Experiment.

As the result of an experiment carried out at the London Hospital, it has been found that carbonic acid gas is not so deadly as people have been led to believe. This gas is formed by the natural process of breathing, and, as is well known, makes an overcrowded, stuffy room very unpleasant. The experiment, however, proves that this gas can be breathed with impunity in doses forty times as large as the law allows. It was as follows: Eight students were crowded into an airtight box, where they would be forced to breathe their own expired air over and over again. For three-quarters of an hour the eight men suffered all the sensations of gradual suffocation, until the carbonic gas rose to 4 per cent.

When the air temperature from their breathing and the radiations from their bodies drove the thermometer up to 88 degrees Fahrenheit (most people keep their rooms at about 68 degrees Fahrenheit), Professor Hill shouted: "Are you ready for the fans?" A chorus of "Yes" from the prisoners, and three electric fans were turned on from the outside. No fresh air was admitted, the fans simply stirring up the moist carbonic-acid-laden atmosphere.

The effect was little less than magical. The students immediately stood more erect, breathed more easily and deeply, and began once again to chat and joke with one another. On coming out none of the men showed any signs of the trying ordeal he had just gone through.

"This experiment," Professor Hill stated, "proves conclusively that the carbonic acid present in a stuffy, overcrowded and ill-ventilated room is not the cause of the unpleasant symptoms we formerly associated with these conditions. It is the moisture, high temperature and stagnation of the air which gives us the headaches and dullness."

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Walter Carruthers to be Captain.
Lieutenant Esther A. Austin to be Captain.

Promotions and Appointments.

Cadet Ajeet Mitchell to be Pro-Captain, at Uxbridge.

Cadet William Curry to be Pro-Captain, at Annapolis.

Cadet Albert Fullerton to be Pro-Captain, at Londonderry.

Cadet Alexander Erick to be Pro-Captain, at Welland.

Cadet Sidney Cox to be Pro-Captain, at Central Training College.

Cadet Mary Smith to be Pro-Captain, at Somerset.

Cadet Thos. E. Nicholls to be Pro-Captain, at Niagara Falls.

Cadet Thos. Rushton to be Pro-Captain, at Earls Court.

Cadet William Davies to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Uxbridge.

Cadet John Atkinson to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Cobourg.

Cadet George Tomlinson to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Montreal I.

Cadet Frank McAvoy to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Port Hope.

Cadet Roy Ellis to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Annapolis.

Cadet Henry Rix to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Digby.

Cadet James Pace to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Springhill.

Cadet Peter Houghton to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Dartmouth.

Cadet Charles Phillips to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Sidney.

Cadet James Barclay to be Pro-Lieutenant, at St. John V.

Cadet William Lewis to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Londonderry.

Cadet Herbert Pugmire to be Pro-Lieutenant, at London II.

Cadet Eldred Charles to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Dresden.

Cadet Thomas Dray to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Blenheim.

Cadet Walter Lovegreen to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Cornwall.

Cadet John Forbes to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Dunnville.

Cadet Nathaniel Battersby to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Feversham.

Cadet Randall Speller to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Hamilton III.

Cadet William Dray to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Palmerston.

Cadet Alfred Crowe to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Welland.

Cadet Caroline George to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Bowmanville.

Cadet Lillian Hargrave to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Yorkville.

Cadet Ada Brown to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Kemptville.

Cadet Susie Burns to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Morrisburg.

Cadet Margaret Kinnear to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Perth.

Cadet Eleanor Reeves to be Pro-Lieutenant, at New Glasgow.

Cadet Sarah McDonald to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Somerset.

Cadet Mabel Horwood to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Port Arthur.

Cadet Esther Gray to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Selkirk.

Cadet Catharine Treasurer to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Clinton.

Cadet Mary Naples to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Listowel.

Cadet Laura Richards to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Fenelon Falls.

Cadet Bessie Gooch to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Huntsville.

Cadet Agnes Law to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Glen Vowell, B.C.

Cadet Francis C. Ham to be Pro-Lieutenant, at Strathroy.

Marriages—

Captain Benjamin Bourne, who came out from West Toronto March 1, 1906, and who is now stationed at Tillsonburg, to Captain Elizabeth Lewis, who came out from Niagara Falls, Ontario, on September 13, 1906, last stationed at Sudbury, on June 9, 1910, at Tillsonburg, by Lieut. Colonel Sharp.

Captain Geo. Earle, who came out of Shearston 13.11.02, to Lieutenant Annie Sainsbury, who came out of St. John's II 26.11.06, by Lieut. Colonel Rees, on June 28, 1910, at St. John's, Nfld.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

From Slumdom - - - - - - to Lake Shore.

THE SALVATION ARMY ESTABLISHES A FRESH AIR CAMP
FOR THE POOR CHILDREN OF TORONTO.

WILL YOU PLEASE READ THIS?



WHAT is a slum?

Mr. J. J. Kelso in his brochure—"Can slums be abolished?" describes it as follows:

"The slum is something worse than a back street; it is a lane or alley, a series of lots about 150 feet deep, with three or four houses, hovels or shacks erected, one behind the other, and entirely hidden from the view of the ordinary passerby. It is a place where stables, barns and sheds have been converted into residences, not for one, but often for two or three families, with none of the ordinary requirements of home life.

In earlier days, men were either passively allowed, or took permission, to erect rows of lath and plaster cottages on lanes not fifteen feet wide; yards were divided and sub-divided, until in some districts there is a perfect labyrinth of hovels, absolutely lacking in sanitary conveniences, and in various stages of dilapidation and decay. Such a thing as repairs is never dreamed of, for the rent can be obtained all the same, and to fix up looks like unnecessary extravagance. The household refuse, as slops, dish water, etc., are thrown outside the door, to sow diseases that daily attack the inmates, sending adults to the hospitals and babies to the graveyard."

Now, in order to give the little ones a change from such an unwholesome and unlovely environment. The Salvation Army has established a Fresh-Air Camp to which may go the children of parents who are too poor to take their little ones for a stay in the country. At this camp the little ones will be enabled to exchange heat-radiating brick walls for the cool shades and groves, and the fetid smells of an alley for the scents of pine trees. They will leave the stifling shades of their hovel homes for the undiluted sunshine of the country, and instead of panting with the

muggy heat of a city slum will perspire with the healthy sweat engendered by chasing butterflies or the exertion of picking flowers and fruit.

The Camp is situated in the neighborhood of Lorne Park, on the shores of Lake Ontario, and winds that blow towards the west will travel over 300 miles of rippling water before they tan the cheeks of boys and girls accustomed to live in "labyrinths of hovels." The locality fixed upon is in many respects an ideal spot for a fresh-air camp. To begin with, it has a beautiful sandy beach, and so shallow is the water that small children can wade for a considerable distance before getting out of their depth—the youngest of the children will be able to disport themselves in perfect safety in the cool limpid waters of the lake. For those who like dabbling with the water, there is also a merry little creek running through the woods back from the lake. Here those who like playing at making canals, dams, and miniature waterwheels will be able to give full scope to their juvenile engineering feats. Then there are wooded knolls and lovers' lanes, and expansive fields to wander in, where little ones may see the wonders of creation beneath their feet and the beauty and majesty of cloud-forms over their heads.

There are also horses and cows and pigs, with numbers of the farmyard feathered tribe, and most people know the pleasure that comes to children from living things.

Yes, the Fresh-Air Camp possesses great facilities for giving to children all the pleasures of summer life out

College of those who would be going forth to their commands, no fewer than thirty-five in that audience rose to their feet, afterwards coming to the front, then going into the council chamber to be interviewed by the Commissioner and the Officers whose duties are connected with the making of officers. It is, we say, very gratifying, to find so many who are awake to the privileges that The Army affords for spiritual and soul-saving work, and who turn a deaf ear to the siren of self-seeking that lures so many in these days in this country from the stony path of usefulness for others. These young people, going out to their responsibilities as leaders of God's people, will have many difficulties and discouraging things to encounter, for the servant is not greater than his Lord. And our Leader and his Apostles found that the way of the herald of the Gospel, the bearer of glad tidings of salvation was not always acceptable to those with whom they came into contact. We therefore urge all our comrades in the war, and those who love to see the Kingdom of Christ extended, to pray that these newly-made Officers may be kept faithful to their high calling, and that success may attend their labors—the consciousness of duty well done that shall support them in the hour of fiery trial.

of doors, combined with all reasonable arrangements for their comfort and safety, as the farm itself possesses no dangerous places, and Officers, experienced in the care of children, will be placed in charge of the Camp.

Mrs. Commissioner Coombs and Mrs. Col. Mapp, the heads of the woman's social work, are conducting this enterprise. They are receiving valuable assistance from Brigadier Potter, who has had considerable experience in benevolent work of this character. At the time of writing about fifty children are enjoying the life of the camp, and after a fortnight they will be replaced by others; and so it will continue so long as the hot weather lasts.

We feel sure that this work will commend itself to all our readers, and now that the holiday season has set in may we urge upon our friends—those who have taken, or are about to take, their own little ones to the woods, lakes, and riversides for the hot weather—to remember those who dwell in the "labyrinths of hovels," as the slum parts of the city have been termed, and send to Commissioner Coombs a donation to help make it possible to send to the country other little ones whose parents could never afford to take them away, for some children come from homes where the head of the household is an invalid; others from toiling widows' homes; others again from large families, where the humble wages of the breadwinner are barely sufficient to provide the necessities of life. Little cripples are there who move about with surprising agility by means of one leg and a crutch; little, white-faced children are also there who will come back with such a healthy tan on their cheeks that their grateful mothers will hardly know them again. Will you help The Army in this work? Remember the words of Him Who said that whatever was done for the least of His little ones was done unto Him.

Donations for this purpose should be sent to Commissioner Coombs, the Temple, James and Albert streets, Toronto.

Captain and Mrs. Taylor, late of Paris, Ont., go to Cranbrook, B.C.

Lieut. Bert Pugmire, son of Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Pugmire, is the second one of the family to become an Officer. He will be missed from the Staff Band, London II. is his appointment.

Ensign and Mrs. Sharp, late of St. Catharines, are going to Glen Vowell, B.C. They will be assisted by Lieut. Laws, recently commissioned. The Lieutenant came out of Port Arthur.

Adjutant Daisy Ledau, of Portland, Maine, and Ensign Julia Thomas, of Chicago, recently visited Toronto. They took part in several meetings, and were favorably impressed with the condition of The Salvation Army in the Queen City.

Captain Laidlaw is now in Collingwood collecting funds for the new Citadel there.

Captain Hale has been transferred from the Subscribers' Department to the Immigration Department at T. H. Q.

Captain Smith and Lieut. McDonald, out of the Temple and Winnipeg III. respectively, have been appointed to Somerset, Bermuda.

THE WAR CRY.

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A NOBLE SIGHT.

At the very impressive commissioning of Cadets for service in the field, conducted by the Commissioner last Monday night, there was again rendered that spectacle which is so refreshing in this materialistic and mercenary age—a body of young men wholeheartedly going forth to do battle against sin with the old-time weapons of faith, prayer, and the Gospel of Christ. Going forth with splendid apostolic devotion, caring for nothing but that they will have an opportunity of pointing sinners to the pardoning God, and looking for nothing but the fulfillment of that promise which assures them that their bread shall be given them and their water shall be sure. There is something very noble and inspiring in this devotion, so that it is not surprising that, in response to the Commissioner's appeal for candidates to come forward to take the places in the Training

The Campbellton Disaster.

ARMY HAS LOST EVERYTHING.

Appeal for Assistance.

The devastation of Campbellton is almost complete. Only seven houses are standing out of what was a prosperous city. And we regret to say that The Army has suffered in common with the rest of the community, as will be seen, by the message received at the moment of going to press from Brigadier Aaby. He says:

"Have just returned from Campbellton. Scene past all description. Town burned to ground. Our building completely destroyed. Everything lost. Ensign Hamilton, the Officer in charge of our Corps, has only the clothes he stands up in; could not save one atom of belongings. Am doing what I can to relieve the situation."

At the time of writing the Commissioner is devising plans for rendering assistance to the sufferers, particulars of which will appear next week, but for whatever is done money will be required, and we earnestly ask our readers to come to the aid of the Commissioner in this matter, remembering that he gives twice who gives quickly.

PERSONALITIES.

Adjutant Kendall will form one of the party of Officers proceeding to the Staff Lodge in August.

During the Adjutant's absence, Mrs. Kendall will hold on at the Temple, assisted by Lieut. Champken, last stationed at Dundas.

Ensign Hamilton is also to form one of the party going to the Staff Lodge this year, sailing from Montreal on Aug. 18th.

While Adjutant Burton is absent in England Mrs. Burton will hold on at Riverdale.

Captain Best has been transferred from the Field Secretary's Department at T. H. Q. to the Toronto Divisional Office, assisting Brigadier Morehen.

Captain Rufus Raymer, who has been Brigadier Morehen's assistant, is now appointed to assist Major Hay at Orillia.

Captain Malone has been transferred from the Financial Department T. H. Q. to the Field Secretary's Department.

Many of our Officers in Newfoundland are on the sick list. Captain Matthews, of Trout River, is suffering from a throat affection, while Mrs. English Grandy of Hant's Harbor, Captain Woolfrey of Fortune, and Ensign Hebditch of Heart's Delight are laid aside by sickness. Pray for these comrades.

We regret to learn that Lieut. Crowell, stationed at Winnipeg II, has lost her sister. We extend our sympathy to the Lieutenant.

Ensign Meeks is transferred from the East Ontario Province, and will take charge of Sydney, C.B.

(Continued on page 11.)

Commissioning of Cadets

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

A Crowded Hall—Powerful and Impressive Meeting—First-Aid Certificates Presented—Thirty-five Candidates Offer Themselves.

THE TEMPLE was filled with an expectant crowd on the night of Monday, July 11th, when the Commissioner promoted the Cadets to the rank of Officers and sent them forth on their mission. Such a meeting always has a lively interest for all classes of people, but particularly does it stir the hearts of Salvationists as they witness a number of Godly young men and women whose hearts God has touched willingly offering themselves to God and The Army for service anywhere. It sends a thrill through one to see the soldiers of Jehovah stepping to the front in the spirit of consecration expressed by the lines "Nothing from His altar would I keep; to His cross of suffering would I leap." And such was the spirit in which the band of bright young Cadets who occupied the Temple platform received their commissions and went to their different appointments determined to do their best to extend God's Kingdom and rout the hosts of darkness.

The meeting opened with a most inspiring song for the occasion: "Fight On, Fight On for Jesus, Ye Soldiers of the Cross." Lieut. Col. Southall and Brigadier Hargrave then prayed, after which Lt. Col. Pugmire soloed.

A short Bible reading by the Commissioner followed. He chose some of Paul's stirring messages to Timothy, and applied them to the Cadets. "I charge thee to preach the Word; reprove, rebuke, exhort."

"The advice Paul gave to young Timothy will do for you," said the Commissioner, addressing the Cadets. "There are plenty of people to-day to say the nice things, and very few to say the unpleasant things. But you must not be afraid to reprove people of sin. God will help you to be true witnesses to the truth of His Word."

The Staff Band then played "The Soldier" selection. This contains a chorus which must have set the Cadets thinking how appropriate it was, and no doubt many sang in their hearts as the band played:

"I've made up my mind that I'll follow,

Whatever the crosses may be; Though others are proving unfaithful, My Lord can depend upon me."

It was fitting that the Training Home staff should have an opportunity of saying something concerning the Cadets who have been under their care for the past ten months, and so the first one called on was Captain Watkinson. The above chorus must have been running in his mind for he announced his determination of following all the way no matter what others did. Referring to his associations with the Cadets, he said that they were of the pleasantest character, and that he was glad to have had the privilege of taking part in moulding the characters of our future Officers. The Captain has now received a Field appointment.

A unique feature of the meeting followed. It was outlined by the Chief

Secretary in a neat speech. After explaining that The Army aimed at the temporal as well as the spiritual good of mankind, he stated that a number of the Cadets had received instruction in first aid whilst in the Training College. Drs. Clarke and Hardy having kindly consented to instruct them. Six had already received certificates, and Dr. Copp of the St. John Ambulance Association was present that night to present twenty-nine others with certificates.

Dr. Copp was then introduced to the audience. He expressed his pleasure at being present upon such an occasion, and was glad to know that The Salvation Army had instituted first aid work at the Training College. He was of the opinion that we were better able to reach the souls of the people if we knew how to minister to their bodies. He then presented the certificates amidst round after round of applause.

A little amusement was caused by the Commissioner limping across the platform to see if any of the first-aid class would rush to see what was the matter.

Major Cameron was then called on to speak. She said that a commissioning meeting always strangely stirred her heart, for as she watched her girls receive their commissions she felt grateful to God for giving her such a grand opportunity of so influencing young lives. "Service in The Salvation Army," she said, "is the grandest, highest, and best possible for young men and women. After many years I can say that I find it delightful to my soul, and the best thing I can advise young people to do is to consecrate themselves to His service in The Army."

Brigadier Taylor, the Principal of the Training College, then spoke. He said that he considered the future of The Salvation Army was safe so long as devoted bands of young people like the Cadets present were continually giving themselves to God and The Army for service. The Cadets had done their best whilst in training to fit themselves for the responsibilities that would fall upon them, and he believed they were going out to be a credit to the institution. As an instance of how literally some of them had "left all to follow Christ," he related part of a conversation he had heard one day between two Cadets:

"Have you got a dollar bill?" said one.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Let me look at it," said the first. It was a long time since he had seen a greenback, and he just wanted a peep. The incident, simple as it may seem, demonstrates the fact that our Cadets have out loose entirely from that worldly money-grabbing spirit which ruins the lives of so many promising young people, and have set themselves wholeheartedly to the task of saving souls.

Catching the inspiration of the moment, the Commissioner bade all on the platform rise and sing with uplifted hands:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small."

"My dear Cadets!" Instantly there was a hush, and the Cadets leaned forward anxious to hear the words of the Commissioner to them. "You are on the threshold of new opportunities," continued the Commissioner. "The service of your fellows should call forth from your hearts the greatest possible devotion to principle. This poor world stands in need of devoted toilers, and if you would make good you must work hard. We are only going to meet the indifference of the world by desperate devotion. What is wanted is honest hearts, more than a loud profession." After referring to the fact that God and man must co-operate in order to bring about the salvation of souls, the Commissioner urged upon the Cadets the necessity of possessing the fire of the Holy Ghost. "If you are as much on fire as you believe you ought to be," he said, "then you will make a mark for God. You are going out to fight difficulties and besetments, and you can only conquer by the power of the Holy Ghost within you."

Before handing the Cadets their commissions, the Commissioner stated that it gave him particular pleasure to notice among the bright and happy faces before him several who were children of old and highly esteemed Salvationists. He referred to Cadets Mitchell, Ham, Pugmire, and Hargrave. The latter is the daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave, and her grandparents were also officers. Thus three generations of that family have devoted their lives to Army service.

The Cadets were then promoted to Captains and Lieutenants, and told where they were going. The appointments spread from ocean to ocean, two officers going as far east as Bermuda, and one going to Glen Vowell in British Columbia.

After all were commissioned, the Chief Secretary offered a dedicatory prayer. Lt. Col. Pugmire then made an appeal for candidates to take the places of those going forth from the Training College. It was a grand and beautiful sight when thirty-five young men and women went forward to lay themselves on the altar for service. They stood in a long line right across the Temple, and earnestly listened to the Commissioner's words of counsel. Then they filed into an adjoining room to be further instructed as to what to do and to personally meet the Commissioner. It was a great finish to a great meeting.

Captain Neff and Lieut. Horwood are appointed to Halleybury, Ont.

Captain Watkinson, lately of the Training Home Staff, is re-entering field work, and will take charge of Dresden, Ont.

Captain and Mrs. Jordan, late of Oshawa, are going to Stratford.

Lieut. Col. Southall conducted good meetings at Chester on Sunday, July 10th. He was assisted by the Divisional Songsters, whose singing was much enjoyed.

Welcome home meetings to the Temple Band were held at the Temple on Sunday, July 10th, when Ensign Hanagan, the Bandmaster, told of their recent trip through Western Ontario.

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

Hot Weather and Hot Times in the Old Corps.

THESE REPORTS CONTAIN ACCOUNTS OF SPLENDID DOINGS ON THE FIELD.

THE WORK GOES ON.

Fredericton.—By persistent effort and faith in God, we are able to report victory. During the past two weeks over 20 men and women have knelt at the Mercy Seat, 12 for salvation and 10 seeking either the blessing of a clean heart or power to work for God, and all this while the weather registers 89 in the shade. We have lost a great number of our Soldiers and Bandsmen by removal to other parts of the Dominion. We have issued transfers for no less than six Bandsmen during the past couple of months, but God is raising up others to take their places, and so the work goes on. The citizens take a deep interest in our work, and show their sympathy in a practical way. One dear friend, an electrician, recently donated to the "Heller" worth \$25.00. Amongst the number who have come forward recently there has been a minister's daughter, a bookkeeper, a stenographer, a blacksmith, a coachman, a school teacher, and the wife of a city official. We are believing for a grand midsummer revival.

BIG DAY AT TORONTO I.

Captain and Mrs. Townsend were in charge of the meetings all day, and in spite of the hot weather, the Band worked well. Great rejoicing at night over eleven precious souls, men and women, who knelt at the Mercy seat. One woman who got converted said that she had been addicted to morphine for eight years, and had failed to receive the help she needed to break it off, but from that night she believed she would have victory over it.—O. C. B.

GETTING NEW SONG BOOKS.

We are glad to report victory at New Westminster, B.C. Souls are being saved. Converts are taking their stand. Our S. D. target of \$3.75 was smashed. An ice-cream social was given by Young Converts and Soldiers. The proceeds went for song-books for the Corps. On the first of July we held our Junior picnic. We went to Port Haney on an observation car. No. 11. Vancouver Officers and Band joined us. We had a glorious time. We are being led on by Captain Magwood and Lieutenant Gibb. God bless them!—J. E. B.

We are still having good times at Cornwall. This weekend was a blessed one. In the Holiness meeting God came very near to us, and seven came out for sanctification. In the afternoon we had the Rev. Breno, the French Presbyterian minister, with us. Then after our night meeting inside we had another rousing open-air on the canal bank. All the Band and Soldiers turned out. The Rev. Mr. Breno came and had another pitch-in with us, and spoke in French and English.

A WEDDING AT YORKVILLE.

Captains Bunton and Lugger Married by Lt.-Col. Sharp.

The Yorkville Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity on the night of July 13th, when Lieut.-Col. Sharp conducted the wedding ceremony of Captains Wallace Bunton and Maud Lugger.

The Temple Band was in attendance to furnish the music. As they were playing "There's a Golden Day" the bridal party entered. Captain Elrich was best man, and Miss May Lugger, the bride's sister, acted as bridesmaid. After prayer by Colonel Sharp and a congregational song, Captain Raymer spoke on behalf of Brigadier Morchen, the D. O., whose unavoidable absence was regretted by all.

Secretary Hughes was the next speaker. He referred to the good work accomplished by Captain Bunton during his stay at Yorkville, and on behalf of the Corps wished him much happiness in his married life. Major Green then soloed, and spoke briefly concerning the good services of the Captain whilst serving in his division. A little speech from Captain Pollit followed. She spoke highly of the bride, with whom she had been stationed for the last four years, paying a tribute to her Christian character, and saying that she had always set her a good example. A Scripture lesson was then read by Mrs. Lt.-Col. Sharp, after which the Colonel performed the ceremony which made the young couple man and wife. After the knot was tied Mrs. Captain Bunton and Captain Pollit sang a duet, and the bridegroom gave a very neat little speech.

Captain and Mrs. Bunton left for Buffalo that same night. Upon their return they will take charge of West Toronto Corps.

BACKSLIDERS COMING HOME.

God has been blessing us at Stratford in a wonderful way. A number of sinners and backsliders have been coming to Jesus.

On Sunday, July 3rd, we said goodbye to Ensign Pickle and Captain Cook, who for the past eight months have been leading us on to victory. We pray that God's blessing shall go with them wherever they may go.

We are being led on by Lieutenant Jennings. We have had an enrolment lately, and there are more to follow. One of those who have lately returned, was a backslider for a number of years, he and his wife have now come back.—One of the Number.

MONTREAL IV.

We have been favored with a visit from the Citadel Band and songsters. They rendered a fine program, with Staff-Captain Bloss in the chair.

We welcome Captain Rickard of the Metropole to our Corps, who will be a great help to us.—J. S.

HAMILTON BAND VISITS LIPPINCOTT.

The visit of the Hamilton I. Band to Lippincott for a weekend proved quite a success, and everyone who heard this splendid band was delighted. Arriving on Saturday afternoon they found a public banquet prepared in the Y. P. Hall. About 200 were present. A musical festival was given in the Hall that night before an excellent crowd. Major Attwell ably filled the position of chairman. The visiting band called forth many expressions of praise. The bass section is exceptionally fine, and their precision is specially marked. Swiss melodies were rendered in splendid style, the tone of the band showing to great advantage towards the end of the selection. A musical quintette did excellently, and Band Sergeant Crew's concertina solo was very fine indeed.

Good meetings were held all day Sunday. In the afternoon another musical festival was given by the two Bands. A sextette entitled, "The backslider's return" was splendid, as was Deputy-Bandmaster Squire's cornet solo, "The Holy City." A vocal quartette sang "The Storm," and there were several vocal solos, all very effective. The "Redemption" selection was well rendered. Lippincott Band took part by playing "Welsh Old Story." Later they sang together very effectively "Abide With Me" to the tune of "Poor Old Joe."

Adjutant Byers read the lesson contrasting greatness and goodness. At the conclusion of the meeting several persons spoke of the pleasure the visit of the Band had afforded them, and replies were made by representative speakers of the Hamilton Band. Then the Band played "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and the meeting closed.

A STRUGGLE AND A VICTORY.

God is still manifesting His saving power in our midst at Dundas. On Sunday, the 3rd, God honoured our faith and labors. The Spirit of God brooded over our night meeting, and one dear boy came to the Mercy Seat, followed by a brother, for whom we have been praying for some time. It was a desperate struggle between the forces of good and evil, but eventually the Lion of Judah was triumphant, and His marvellous power to snap the fetters of sin was wonderfully manifest as the dear comrade rose to his feet and sang praises to the Lamb. Tuesday, the 5th, was a feast of good things. Our meeting, was conducted by Lieut.-Col. Moss, of London, Eng., Editor of the War Cry, etc., who is a native of Dundas. A good crowd assembled to hear the Colonel's talk, and the narration of his career as a Salvationist, and the clean-cut and definite experience of God's wonderful way of leading men and women to high heights of usefulness in our dear Army filled us with a greater determination than ever to keep before us the two main points of the Colonel's address: Continuation and Passion for Souls. At the close of the meeting one dear soul (the father of one of our Juniors who was recently converted) claimed salvation.—One of the Rank and File.

GARDEN PARTY AT EARLSCOURT.

The Earls Court Corps on Saturday, July 9th, held a grand garden party on St. Clair Gardens, which was fairly well attended. Colonel Gaskin in a very nice speech declared the party open. J. N. Letchie, Esq., Editor of the North Toronto Progress, in a few remarks expressed his appreciation of The Salvation Army's work, and wished the endeavour every success. The music was supplied by the Earls Court Corps Band. We did very well, realizing about \$80.

On Sunday, July 10th, we had with us all day Brigadier Scott-Potter, who conducted special meetings in the tent on St. Clair avenue. We had a right down good time, and our souls were blessed by the Brigadier's words. At night we had one soul at the Mercy Seat. In the afternoon the Brigadier gave a lecture on Japan, which was appreciated very much. Mr. Holmes, at the close of the lecture, in a very appreciative speech, thanked the Brigadier for his kindness in giving the lecture.—Thomas Ruston, C. O.

MAJ. PHILLIPS VISITS VICTORIA

We were very pleased to welcome Major and Mrs. Phillips for a weekend, also their daughter Lillie, who accompanied them.

On Saturday night a large crowd listened to the open-air meeting, and the Major recognized many old friends, whom he had met during his appointment there thirteen years ago.

It was Mrs. Phillips' first appearance in our city, but she soon won the friendship of everyone with her cheering smile and earnest words.

Lillie presided at the piano, and the Songster Brigade will be delighted to see her as often as she can be spared to visit Victoria.

The Major conducted a meeting in the Provincial gaol on Sunday morning early, as well as leading the rest of the meetings.

Captain Wilks, who is on furlough, was present at the night meeting.

We trust that it will not be long before these Officers will come again. Major and Mrs. Morris are announced for a weekend shortly.—A. E. T.

DRINK VICTIM CONVERTED.

Blenheim.—On Sunday, July 10th, Captain Skipworth farewelled. Good times were experienced. Soldiers rallied to all meetings, and went in for a real fight, with the result that a young man who had been a victim to drink and evil habits knelt at the Mercy Seat, and afterwards with deep earnestness spoke of how God had been speaking to his soul, and his great desire to be out and out for God. Five souls have claimed pardon since our last report.

MONTREAL II.

God is blessing our efforts at this Corps. At our noonday meeting at the G.T.R. Shops every Thursday several hundreds of all nations stand around and listen. Many were touched as Captain and Mrs. Turner sang: "Mother wants to meet you up above." Two men requested the captain to write them the words. New methods are being adopted with the object of getting souls saved.—J. S. M.

OSHAWA'S NEW CITADEL.

The Corner Stone Laid.

A very interesting ceremony took place at Oshawa on July 2nd, when R. McLaughlin, Esq., laid the corner-stone of the new Citadel. The meeting was presided over by Brigadier Taylor. He was assisted by Brigadier Morehen, Major Miller, Staff-Captain White, the Officers of the local Corps, and the Band. Several local gentlemen and some of the clergy were also present to manifest their appreciation of the work of The Army. Mr. Fowlke, M.P., spoke in high terms of The Army, praising its intelligent immigration system, which he said he had investigated in his official capacity. He had found no flaws in it. He also spoke of the good influence of The Army on the social life of the country. R. McLaughlin, Esq., also spoke warmly of The Army's work, chiefly as regards its power as a temperance organisation. He considers The Army is a valuable asset to the country. The Rev. Mr. Dav's and the Rev. Mr. Sanderson also spoke. The townspeople are very enthusiastic over the new Citadel, and have contributed splendidly towards the cost of its erection. One gentleman, who formerly was an opposer of The Army, has so far altered his opinion as to contribute \$200.

PERSONALITIES.

(Continued from page 9.)

Lieut. Olsen, late of Hamilton, goes to Winnipeg IV. to assist in the Scandinavian work there. The Lieutenant is a Norwegian by nationality.

Many changes are taking place this month. Here are some of them:

Lieut. Carruthers has been promoted to Captain, and appointed to take charge of Port Hope.

Ensign and Mrs. Merrett are farewelling from Lippincott St. Corps, and go to Peterboro. Staff-Captain Goodwin is appointed to Lippincott.

Staff-Captain Walton, late of Peterboro, is shortly going on a trip to England. On his return he will be stationed at London I.

Ensign Kitchen and Captain Cunningham are appointed to Parliament St. Corps, Toronto.

Captains Andrews and Pease have been granted a furlough. The former is in very poor health.

Adjutant and Mrs. Gosling are farewelling from Wychwood, and go to Oshawa. Captain and Mrs. Beatty will succeed them.

Lieutenants Cranwell, Marsland, and Liddard, of the Toronto Division, have each been promoted to the rank of Captain, and will go, respectively, to Rhodes Avenue Corps, Brampton, and Bowmanville.

Chatham, Ont.—We have just said good-bye to our worthy Officers, Captain and Mrs. Adamson, who have laboured amongst us for fifteen months. We were sorry to say good-bye, but pray that God will abundantly bless them wherever they go, and their three noble boys: Andrew, John, and Willie.—Mrs. James Gamage.



Laying the Foundation Stone of the new Citadel at Oshawa.

FIRST ARMY WEDDING AT COBALT

In the Presbyterian Church on July 7th, Sergeant-Major Speck of Cobalt Corps, and Sister Cre'g of North Bay Corps were married by Colonel Sharp. This is the first Army wedding in Cobalt, and everything went off fine. Ensign Campbell and several Comrades from North Bay, Captain Brass of Haileybury and Ensign and Captain Pattenden from New Liskeard were present.

The church was full and the people all seemed to be highly pleased (Major Hay assisted.) After the ceremony a supper was enjoyed by the Comrades. Congratulations from one and another brought the close of a very pleasant and memorial evening in the silver city.—A. E. W.

HEART'S DELIGHT.

On Sunday, July 3rd, we said good-bye to C. C. Hobbs, who is leaving for the Training Home. We are very sorry to say we will be soon losing our Commanding Officer, Ensign Hedditch, who has to undergo an operation. We are earnestly praying that God will sustain her and bring her around again.—Lieut.

On Sunday, Captains Andrews and Pease farewelled from West Toronto. We had good meetings all day. In the afternoon the Band took the meeting, Envoy Brooks being Chairman. A nice programme was given. It was also the occasion of the enrolment of Brother Morrows. At night we had a crowded Hall. Captain and Mrs. Bourne were present.—Saved Engineer.

A man who heeds not the call of his brother in need will be disobedient to the pleadings of his own spirit.



Brigadier Taylor conducted the ceremony, which was a very successful function.

PLEGDED TO KEEP COLOURS FLYING.

Thedford, Ont.—We have said good-bye to Captain Bevan, who has been with us eight months. A good crowd turned out to the farewell meeting on Sunday night, when an enrollment took place, and we pledged ourselves to "Keep the colours flying till we meet again." On Monday night we had with us our D. O., Staff-Captain Crichton. We had a nice turnout for this meeting, which everyone enjoyed. We are looking forward to welcoming Captain Moon, who is coming to lead us on to further victories.—Determined.

CHANCE COVE.

Although our rank have been made small by the dear comrades and friends leaving for the summer months. Yet the revival fire still burns. On Sunday we had a day of victory. Captain Ball is still leading us on. She has been working in our midst 13 months, and many souls have been won for Christ through her labors. We have strong hopes that many more shall be made alive unto the God of their Salvation, one with us.

Woodstock, Ont.—We have had Major and Mrs. Green with us for a week-end. We enjoyed their visit much, and we sincerely hope they will give us another week-end soon.

Last week-end we had with us Captain Walters of Hamilton. On Sunday morning we had two kneel at the Cross, one for pardon, and one for full deliverance.—R. C.

Life is meant for labour, not pleasure.

He holds much who holds his tongue.

TOUCHING FAREWELL.

St. Mary's—Our dear Officers, Captains Wales and Cosby, said good-bye last Sunday night after a successful stay of 18 months. During their command here souls have been saved and some good soldiers made, and many eyes were dim with tears as they spoke their last words of farewell and charged their soldiers to be faithful.

Candidate Johnson from Hespeler sang a farewell solo, which touched many hearts.

We are in the fight to win, and we want to bring St. Mary's to the feet of Jesus.—A. W.

ADJT. AND MRS. GOSLING FAREWELL FROM WYCHWOOD.

Brigadier Bond conducted last Sunday's services at Wychwood. The day was very hot, but the meetings were very enjoyable. Adj. and Mrs. Gosling, who have been in charge of the Corps for a short time, farewelled for Oshawa. The local officers paid splendid tributes to the character and work of Adj. and Mrs. Gosling, and these Officers spoke most appreciatively of the conduct of the Wychwood comrades.

CHANCE HARBOUR.

On Sunday night, July 3rd, a farewell meeting was held when Lieutenant Rodway said good-bye to the people of Chance Harbour to work in some other part of the vineyard. It was an impressive time. Souls were convicted of their sins, but no one came forward.

During his stay at this place he had been a blessing to us in many ways, and many souls have sought salvation, and a number of Comrades have been enrolled.—M. J. Verge.

Captain Matthews of Trout River recently paid us a visit at Bonne Bay, and conducted a great salvation meeting. Her address was very much appreciated, also her few words on the death of Mr. Marsh, the father of Captain Marsh.

At the close we rejoiced over a backslider who plunged into the stream. A magnificent time followed.—W. P. Rowe, Lieutenant.

Practising the General Preaching's

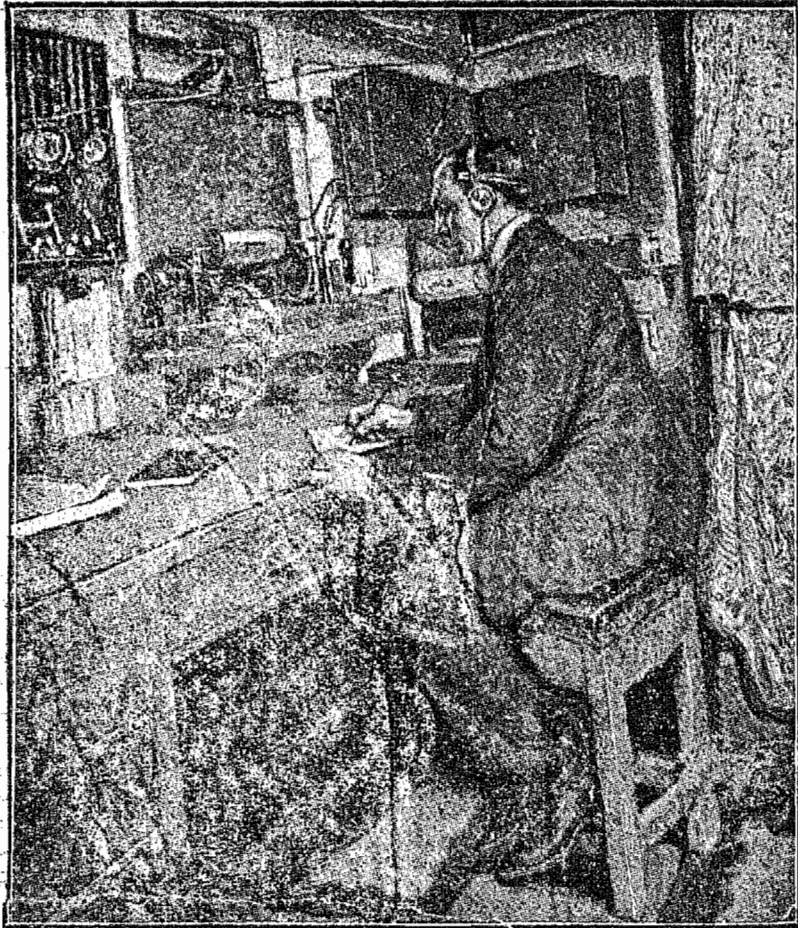
Many years ago (writes a correspondent) I went from Stirling to Glasgow to attend a Meeting conducted by The General in the City Hall. On leaving the building, full of thankfulness for my privilege at having been present, I remarked to a lassie who was apparently in charge of a stall (never doubting she also had been inside), "You must have enjoyed a great treat today in hearing your General."

With a bright smile she replied, "I have been to none of the Meetings, which is naturally a great disappointment to me; but so often have I been privileged to hear The General's teaching that I must now try to follow it out and do my duty."

The words and example of that youthful Soldier have never been forgotten by me, and I am sure nothing could gratify our honoured General more than to know that those who have been taught by him make "duty first" the rule for daily life, although that often means self-denial.

Safety at Sea.

NEW AND OLD DEVICES FOR NAVIGATING IN FOG AND DARKNESS.



A Wireless Telegrapher at Work.

THE dangers of the sea are very real, says a writer in *The Century Magazine*. Last year a thousand ships or more were lost; the year before the sea took nearly the same toll. To the tourist, his assurance of safety lies in the fact that it is the sailing-vessel, with its dependence on the fickle wind, that largely makes up this tremendous loss. Freighting-steamers, voyaging on unfamiliar coasts, nearly complete the disastrous roll. But to the great liners, with their familiar routes, their well-known lanes of travel, their guarded and well-lighted harbors, and all their appliances for safety, the manifold dangers of the ocean are only the remote possibilities that give a touch of adventure to their passages from land to land. The probabilities of disaster are trifling.

The seaman's first task on leaving port is to sail a true course to his destination. Where he may be on the open sea is to him a comparatively simple matter; he finds his chief peril in what he may meet in the dark or the fog.

A broken shaft, a bursting boiler, or fire, are additional elements in his problem. How are the dangers met? What are the safeguards?

The curious observer will find, if he cares to make search, that every part of the ocean-going liner is within easy reach of fire-hose and water-connection with powerful force-pumps. Fire-drills are frequent, wherein every member of the crew has his assigned place and duty. In addition, the observer will find that on many ships an elaborate series of thermostats runs through all parts of the ship. Should the temperature rise to a dangerous height in even the most remote part of the vessel's hold, the fact is instantly made known to the officers on the bridge by the ringing of a bell, while an electric light burns red on a chart in the pilot-house, showing the locality of the danger.

In engines and boilers the modern steamship does not put all its eggs in one basket; there may be a dozen boilers or more, all constructed with the main idea of safety and an equable distribution of steam, and there are usually two screws. An accident here or there may not cripple the ship seriously; while every care is taken against the development of the slightest fault. Moreover, water, despite storm and high seas, is a vastly superior road-bed to any ever constructed by man. There can be here no displaced switch, no fallen bridge; the only danger must lie in the impact of

some floating mass like an iceberg, a derelict, or another ship, and for these perils the travelling public, with its insistence on speed, must hold itself chiefly responsible. It clamors to reach its destination on time. Yet on a foggy night there is no absolute security against such dangers except in a greatly reduced speed; and a captain naturally hesitates to run slowly across the path of some possible ship which is recklessly steaming through the night. It would be, he would feel, like waiting inactive on the firing-line while all the guns of the enemy were opening upon him.

Of late, too, another and powerful safeguard has come into use. If one enters the wireless telegraphy room of a transatlantic steamer, he will find on the wall a rectangular chart crossed and recrossed by many black lines. Across it also runs one broader line in red ink. On the margin of the chart are marked the days of the week. It is the wireless guide for the current month; the red line gives the course of the steamer, while the many black lines crossing it indicate to the operator at what hour of each day of his passage he will probably pick up the wireless messages of other ships crossing that month.

The ship, one sees at a glance, is scarcely ever out of touch with other ships through which disaster may come, and with this knowledge of constant intercommunication the feeling of security justly grows.

Yet powerful as is this device as a means of preventing collision, it lacks as yet something in efficiency, for at present it is impossible to tell from which direction a message comes, and from how great a distance. These are difficulties that in time may possibly be remedied, for on man in this way with reason can set the farthest bounds of human achievement in any direction. Meanwhile no time should be lost in compelling all ocean-going steamers to carry the wireless outfit, for imperfect though it may yet be in minor details no defect can lessen the value of the larger fact that on the stormiest nights by means of it the officers on steamers rapidly approaching each other can freely converse together.

As far as is possible, the sailing schedules of ocean-going steamers are arranged to bring them on the coast by day. But bad weather or fog may delay them, and night come on before they make a land-fall. Here the lead-line should never be out of hand, for, with the speed of the great modern steamers, the delay of five minutes in heaving the lead may bring the ship to a point where no skill can save her from going ashore. To the

neglect of the irksome task of heaving the lead, it is safe to ascribe nine-tenths of the wrecks on the coast.

Coming on the coast at night in fair weather, the master of a steamer approaches in perfect security. He knows his position, for which the coast-lights give him corroborative evidence. But in fog or snow the lights are blotted out, and in the disturbed atmosphere the sound of the siren at lighthouse or lightship is deadened or becomes an elusive voice, distracting in its indirection, and valueless for guidance. Here for the last four or five years he has found in the inventive genius of the age a new and invaluable aid—the submarine signal.

We speak in hyperbole of waves that are mountain-high, but in truth twenty-five feet below the surface the water lies undisturbed. Water, moreover, is a most admirable medium for the transmission of sound. Owing to its uniform density, it also transmits a sound with no deflection. These are the facts that give to the submarine signal its unique value.

The sending apparatus of the signal is a submerged bell, sunk to the depth of twenty-five feet, and placed at important points along the coast. It may be used by lightships, where it is rung by compressed air, or attached to buoys and sounded by the motion of the waves, or swung from a tripod resting on the sea-floor, and operated by electricity from the shore. The bell may be distinctly heard at a normal distance of eight or ten miles. The receiving apparatus are small tanks of sea-water scarcely larger than a bird-cage and fastened inside to the skin of a vessel below the water-line and near the bow. There is one on each side of the vessel, and into each a pair of microphones are suspended. These are connected by wire with a telephone receiver placed in the pilot house. By means of a switch the navigating officer can listen either to the port or the starboard transmitter, and knows at once by the clearness of the sound on which side the bell lies. When the note comes with equal distinctness to each side, the bell is dead ahead. Each bell has its distinctive signal, or code, as each lighthouse has its individual light, so that a steamer, coming by night into the wedge of water between Long Island and the Jersey coast, catching the sound of a signal,

knows at once by the number and arrangement of the strokes whether he is in touch with Fire Island or Ambrose Channel. How invaluable an aid this is, coming clearly to the navigator's ear in the comparative quiet of the pilot-house, only he can know who on a windy deck or bridge has strained his eyes through the murk of the storm to catch the first gleam of a coast-light, or in the oppressive hush of the fog has vainly listened for the wandering voice of the coast fog-horn. And feeling how admirably the signal supplements the coast-lights at all times, and how vastly superior it is when the fog or the storm closes down about the lights, he will wonder how long it will be before the maritime nations install the signals at all important points where lighthouses and lightships now guard the fleets of the world.

At present the submarine signal is practical only between the shore and approaching ships, but satisfactory experiments with a sending apparatus for vessels have recently been made, and it seems only a question of time when the signals may be used with equal effectiveness by ships approaching each other at sea. When that time shall come, the last excuse for collisions at sea will seemingly be gone.

In the sinking of the *Republic* last winter, both these new inventions had a part in bringing relief, for when her captain informed the captain of the *Baltic* by wireless that his ship was in a sinking condition, he added that he was in touch with the submarine signal on the Nantucket Lightship. The first act of the *Baltic* was to get in range of the Nantucket bell herself, and to keep in range till the *Republic* was picked up. Furthermore, after taking on board the passengers of the *Republic* and the *Florida*, the *Baltic*, still in a dense fog, proceeded for New York, making Fire Island and Ambrose Channel by the submarine signal, and hearing all the submarine bells long before she heard the whistles of the fog-horns.

He will not go wrong who keeps his head cool and his heart on fire with the love of God.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no-one else is, and to do what no other person can.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge
THE SUBMARINE BELL.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

International Headquarters,

Great Britain.

Mrs. Booth recently addressed a largely attended and influential gathering in Park House, Belfast, the chair being occupied by the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, supported by the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. M. Mordie).

In the course of her address Mrs. Booth made the encouraging statement that during the past twelve months eighty-seven women had passed through our Belfast Home; and of that number forty-eight were sent to situations, twenty-seven returned to their own friends, one was sent to "other work," five to hospitals and infirmaries, while six only were described as unsatisfactory.

Commencing at eleven in the morning, a continuous program of thanksgiving services and attractive demonstrations was the order of the day at the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday when the North London Division celebrated The Army's Forty-fifth Anniversary.

Some interesting changes in the appointments of well-known Officers at the International Headquarters and the Trade Department are announced.

Lieut.-Colonel Braine, who has been in charge of the publishing department for some seven years, has been appointed to take command of the Light Brigade, in connection with the I.H.Q. Subscribers' Department.

Brigadier Turner, who for a number of years has had charge of the Light Brigade and Collectors' Section of the Subscribers' Department, is appointed to Colonel Stitt's department for the special work of raising funds for Corps buildings.

Brigadier Arthur Smith takes charge of the Collectors' Section of the Subscribers' Department at I.H.Q.

South Africa.

During his visit to South Africa, Colonel Unsworth made a hurried journey to Rhodesia, touching Bulawayo and Salisbury. He had interviews with his Excellency the Administrator, Sir W. H. Milton, and various Government officials.

Major William Maxfield, who for some time has been District Officer for Mount Frere (Cape Colony) has been appointed Editor of the South African "War Cry."

Major Henry Deverell, Chief Accountant at Cape Town Headquarters, becomes Secretary to the Trade and Publishing Departments.

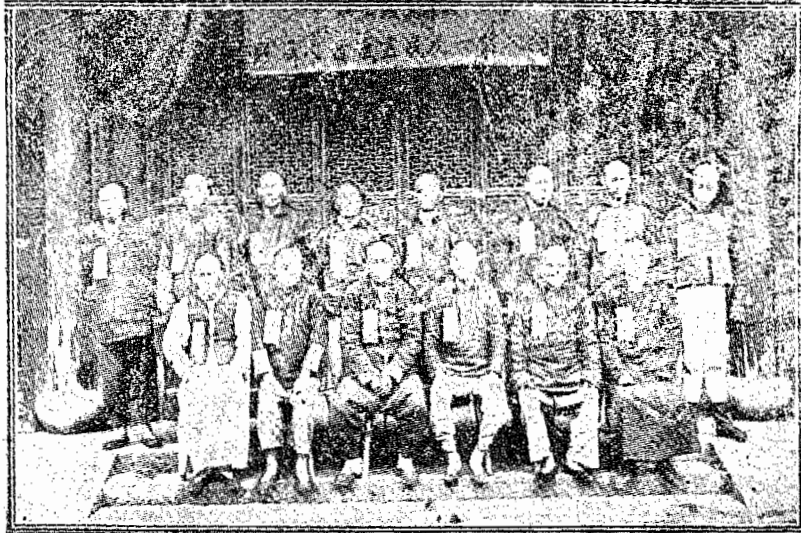
Writing from Harrismith, Orange Free State, Corporal E. Joyce, 5th Mounted Infantry, who has recently arrived in South Africa from Bermuda, says that there are now six Salvationists among the troops stationed at Harrismith, while at Bloemfontein there are twelve. Included in this number are eight Candidates and Corps Cadets.

South America.

At the reception given in Buenos Ayres to Sir John and Lady Benn, Mrs. Commissioner Cosandey was present as The Army's representative. She was most cordially greeted by Sir John, who is well known for his work on the London County Council. Sir John, with Lady Benn, was in the Argentine capital for the Centenary celebrations.

Among recent South American promotions are those of Adjutants David

PROGRESS OF THE CRUSADE AGAINST OPIUM SMOKING IN CHINA



Men Who Have Received a Badge for Renouncing the Opium Smoking Habit.

Thomas and Robert Steven to the rank of Staff-Captain, and Ensign Marcello Allemand to that of Adjutant.

Staff-Captain Thomas entered the Field in South America. He visited Great Britain on furlough last year, since when he has pioneered Army Work in the Republic of Peru.

Staff-Captain Steven came out of Manchester I. in 1895, and a year later was transferred to South America.

Adjutant Allemand is the Editor of "El Cruzado," the Spanish "War Cry," circulating in the extensive South American Republics.

Australia.

The zeal of Australian Salvationists is well illustrated in the current number of the Commonwealth "War Cry," where we read of one comrade traveling over 700 miles, another more than 500, and a third 400, in order to take part in the Annual Congress at Perth, conducted by Commissioner Hay.

The comrade who journeyed the 500 miles was Brother Holk, a German by birth, but an Australian by adoption. He was one of the first Salvationists to arrive on the gold-fields about fourteen years ago. He has been a

Soldier twenty-one years, and a Local Officer ten, and for fifteen has carried off prizes for Self-Denial collecting, never raising less than £5. He is the fortunate owner of a gold mine.

A particularly interesting feature of the Congress was the presentation, by the Commissioner, of Long-Service Badges to forty-three veteran Local Officers, whose length of service ranged from five to twenty-five years.

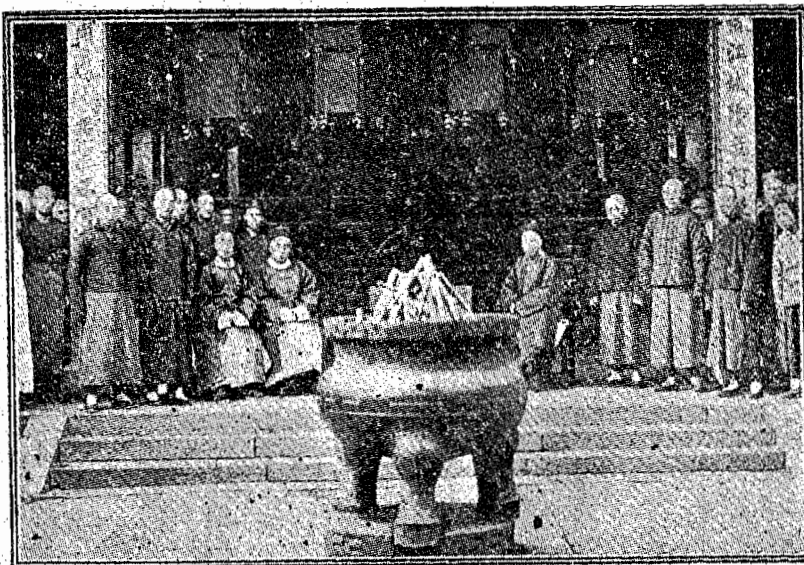
Denmark.

Having been transferred from Norway to Denmark Staff-Captain Westergaard will, in addition to fulfilling important duties at Territorial Headquarters, act as interpreter to Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg. The Staff-Captain, who a year or two ago participated in a Session for Continental Editors at the International Staff College, speaks English fluently.

The outstanding feature of Denmark's Annual Congress at Copenhagen this year was the presence of Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg.

It is only a few weeks since the Commissioner assumed command of the Territory, yet in this short period she has won the affection and regard of both Salvationists and friends.

For this reason, not less than the



The Burning of Opium Pipes Before the Officials in the City of Ningpo.

Sir John Jordan, British Minister at Peking, says in a recent despatch that the Chinese Government is making "considerable progress" in this work, and "there has undoubtedly been a very sensible diminution in the consumption and cultivation of opium, and a public opinion has been formed which will greatly strengthen the hands of the Government and the Provincial authorities in the drastic measures which they contemplate taking in the near future." An English clergyman visiting Szechuen recently wrote: "This great centre of opium now, for the first time within memory, finds itself without a crop of opium. The prohibition of opium cultivation has begun suddenly, drastically, and actually, and the people seem to take it quietly. Not a blade of opium have I seen, but instead one sees wheat, vegetables, etc., all growing, with prospect of cheaper food stuffs next year."

fact that she is the daughter of our beloved General, our Danish comrades felt themselves peculiarly honored to be able to welcome her as leader of the present important series of gatherings.

An imposing march, comprising Officers and Soldiers from every branch of our Danish operations, with the Commissioner occupying an honored place, preceded the public demonstration at night. Army processions are not as yet everyday occurrences in this spacious city; consequently the effect produced by this Salvation display was all the greater.

Huge crowds of people were attracted, many of whom were sympathetic and all deeply interested. The procession was enlivened with four Bands, including a women's Brass Band, and brightened with flags and banners.

The final public gathering, which took the form of a Salvation battle, was held at night in the magnificent Concert Palace—a building which has become memorable on account of the splendid Campaigns which The General has from time to time conducted within its gilded walls.

The Commissioner's Salvation appeal made a profound impression upon the hearts and consciences of the audience, and the meeting was brought to a victorious conclusion by the capture of thirty souls.

Sweden.

Commissioner McKie has conducted the twentieth anniversary of the Appelbo Corps, Sweden. The final meeting held was in memory of the twenty comrades who during those twenty years have gone to their place in The Army in Heaven.

United States.

A splendid addition to the Young Women's Boarding Home at Los Angeles was recently opened by Commissioner Estill. The Home now accommodates 135 young ladies.

At Utica, N.Y., a new Industrial Home has recently been opened. The American Cry says:

"We had long felt the need of 'elbow room.' We were cramped. Could not enlarge our borders nor increase our trade. Business was curtailed and success impossible."

"A citizen saw, sympathized, and offered succor. Would build a place suitable to our needs. He did so, and Sunday, June 19th, the commodious building at 554 Bleeker street was opened."

"Lieut.-Colonel Damon conducted the opening exercises, delivering a sparkling address on our work. The city was represented by the Mayor's clerk, Mr. Baxter, as the Mayor was unable to be present, but sent a special message of sympathy for and interest in the Industrial Work, and offering to support the work on all possible occasions."

Commander Miss Booth conducted a strenuous campaign at Poughkeepsie recently, in spite of excessive heat. She was received with enthusiasm, and delivered some stirring addresses.

The Siege results for 1910 have been excellent.

Over 20,000 persons have been converted, and 3,360 have been enrolled as soldiers.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

DAY AT A FRENCH POST.

(Continued from page 3.)

vowed never to go again. He bought a ticket for the theatre, and was on his way thither when someone put another Salle Auber leaflet into his hand.

"I have been," he said, briefly.

"Then will you come again?" pleaded the distributor.

He dropped the theatre ticket, went to the Hall, was more deeply convicted, and suffered torment all night. The next evening he returned, and flung himself at the Penitent-form, truly seeking and finding God.

Now he prays and reads the Bible in his barrack room, brings some of his comrades to the meetings, and brightly testifies before them. We cannot hear him to-night, because he is not wearing civil clothing, and may not take part when in uniform.

That slight girl on the other side has been through what would daunt many a strong man. Her mother first took her to The Army, thinking it a kind of play, where you could laugh as much as you wished. The next evening the girl went alone, was touched, enlightened, and converted. This she told to her mother, who looked alarmed.

"I Have Found God!"

"I did not take you for that; I took you only to laugh," she said. "If you wish to have a religion, you may be a Sister, if you like; but I would rather kill you than have you a Salvationist."

"Mother, I have found God; I want to follow Him."

"Choose which you like; be shut up or drop this Salvation Army."

"Mother, do not press me so; I must go again."

The mother seized her shoulder, forced her into a room, and locked her in with a jug of water and a loaf.

On the fifth day she went to her. "Will you renounce?" she demanded.

"Ah, mother, I never can!"

The enraged woman had brought with her a hatchet. She leaped upon a chair, swung the fearful blade through the air, and held it aloft.

"I shall cut your head off if you do not give in."

Escaping the Hatchet.

The young girl knelt down in front of her, with her hands beseechingly clasped.

"Ah, mother, do nothing so wicked," she implored; "for me, I go to Heaven; but for you it would be a crime: you would suffer through all eternity."

Down came the hatchet, narrowly missing the girl's head, but grazing her arm, and cutting her hand.

The mother rushed from the room, locking the door, and leaving the girl alone for two long days. She was faint with hunger and weak from loss of blood; often she sat and shivered by the hour with fright; but God upheld her, and gradually she learned to draw courage and comfort from Himself. At the end of the seventh day she was released, and bidden to eat; but for two whole years she went every night from her work to the meeting, and every night of those two years she was beaten by her mother, who would exclaim: "I shall have to finish by killing you!"

Things are a little easier for her now. A different kind of persecution has replaced the beating, and she is letting her light shine, and getting through the two years until she comes of age, when she will enter the Training Home to become an Officer.

Not far from her sits a Swedish woman. Many years ago she was a Soldier in her own land, but left God, and joined a circus which travelled in France. One day in Grenoble, she knocked at the door of the Quarters of this very Officer who is leading the meeting here to-night, and asked for the En Avant. The Adjutant felt there was a story behind the request, but it was long before she could coax it out of her. At last Ima burst into tears.

"Oh, I am so wicked! I, too, used to be good. I have my Bible and shield at the bottom of my box. My body rides in the circus, but my heart is in The Salvation Army!"

For more than an hour she cried. They gave her supper, and she wept bitter tears into that. She missed her rehearsal because she so wept that she could not stop. "I'm pray-

ing for you," said the Adjutant in parting; and she wept her way through the streets to the sawdust-covered floor, and flaring lights, and gaudy tinsel, and ribald talk which made up her life.

Out of the Circus.

She would have run away from it all that night had it not been penal to break her engagement, and she had no money to buy herself off.

Several times she visited the Adjutant, and always wept, and begged her to sing.

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour!" because far away in Sweden they had sung that when she was enrolled as a Soldier. Then the circus left Grenoble, and the Officers at Bordeaux were told to look her up. The Headquarters' Officers followed her movements for three years, having her met, and visited, and written to wherever she went. At last she had worked out her agreement, refused all entreaties to re-engage, went straight to Paris to the Adjutant she had known at Grenoble, and dedicated herself to God at the Penitent-form for a wholly new life.

To-night you see her in full uniform; she is assisting in the Women's

moist atmosphere lessens vitality. The nerve wires grow flaccid and heavy. The messages become confused. Hence low spirits, melancholia, distorted mental outlook, faulty assimilation and disease.

"The opposite effects flow from the northwest winds. The west and northwest winds keep the mucous membranes of the body in good working order. The coating of moisture which is always present with the east wind disappears. Absence of any kind of wind, if long continued has a bad effect on the human body and mind.

"A prolonged calm means lack of ventilation on a great scale. The winds serve to mix in normal proportions the gases which compose the atmosphere, and in this way they are conducive to health up to a certain point. Beyond about twenty miles an hour their influence begins to be unfavorable."

A Miracle of Manuscript Surgery.

Thanks to the timely intervention of Government officials, the last will and testament of George Washington is to be preserved to posterity. For

voted some sixteen days to the task, and by a miracle of manuscript surgery and document restoration he has given the will practically the same appearance it had when it first left the hands of its author. All the wounds and scars have been obliterated, and the ink "set" and made more vivid. Henceforth the relic will be preserved in a fire-proof, burglar-proof, steel case, which will be specially constructed, under the supervision of the Government officials, to serve as its permanent repository.—American War Cry.

Band Chat.

The Ottawa I. Band is still doing good service. During the visit of some specials lately they were out nearly every night of that week.

Last Sunday, the Officers being away, the Band held the afternoon and night meetings. They are getting new band tunics, music pouches, and belts, and intend having some very special times in the near future. They are much in demand for Church socials. When they go, however, they keep strictly to regulation, which strengthens any S. A. band. A moonlight excursion is among the coming events. Bandmaster Harris works hard with his Bandsmen, and much credit is due to him for their present efficiency.

Vancouver No. 11.

The Band here is doing well. They were asked by New Westminster Corps to play at their picnic on July 1st, and rendered very good service. We have now a very nice number in the Band. They have ordered six more new instruments "Class A," which they are in great need of. One gentleman threw \$6 into the ring. Our Sunday night offering was over \$45.00. Total for the week-end, \$114.62. Too much praise cannot be given to the boys who worked so hard and cheerfully to the end. Over 400 people filled the Temple at night, and ten souls sought pardon at the close. The boys returned home on the 5 p.m. train Monday.

The Kingston Band Visited Watertown, N.Y., on July 2, 3, and 4.

Arriving on the 6 p.m. train Saturday, they marched around the Public Square before proceeding to our Hall, where supper was served. Tea over, we proceeded to the open air, where a large crowd rapidly gathered around. Quite a nice crowd had met in the Oddfellows' Temple, where the Mayor of the City in a few choice words welcomed the band, and spoke of the good work of The Salvation Army. Major Casler, the Divisional Officer, was on hand to pilot us safely through. Adj. Smith also gave a helping hand. Sunday was a very busy day for the boys, and all worked faithfully from start to finish. All the services, both inside and out, were well attended, and the people gave liberally, especially on the open-airs.

PRAYER.

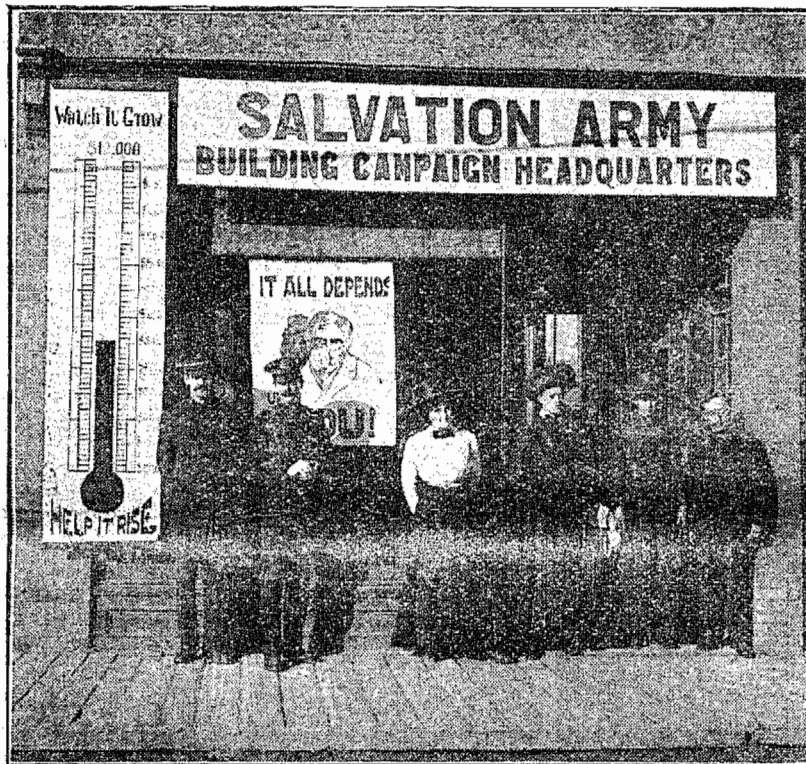
Prayer is the refuge of all sorts and conditions of people, the great as well as those occupying lowly stations. The late Mr. Gladstone was a great believer in prayer, and used to seek strength and guidance in the great affairs of State in humble prayer to God. Abraham Lincoln once said: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all around me, seemed insufficient for the day."

HARPOONS.

A sailor, just off to a whaling expedition, asked where he could hear a good sermon. On his return from the Church his friend asked him how he liked the sermon. "Not much. It was like a ship leaving for the whale-fishing: everything shipshape—anchor, cordage, sails, and provisions all right; but there were no harpoons on board."

Scavenging, watering, and cleaning the streets of London costs over £700,000 a year.

The London County Council within 20 years has devoted over £9,000,000 to street improvements.



Building Campaigners at Sherbrooke.

In the photo are seen Major and Mrs. Moore, Ensign Duncan, Captain Tuttle, and two local helpers. They raised \$5,000 in fourteen days for the purpose of erecting a new Army Citadel.

Hotellerie, and preparing very shortly to be an Officer. Listen, she is praying for the woman who has come out to be saved; no wonder she cries to God to keep this new Convert faithful to her vows!

It is the last chorus—"All's well, I'm saved!"—the audience melts into the gaily thronged street—the lights are out—the Officers' day is nearly over, and the quiet of the little Quarters is welcome at last.

Effects of Winds.

The winds from different quarters affect the nerves and health of human beings is stated by a writer in The Chicago Tribune. He says:—

"The east winds hug the earth more closely and gather moisture, dust and bacteria. They are cold and humid, altogether forming an enervating influence on human and animal life and rendering it susceptible to the disease germs which the winds carry and disseminate.

"The cool, pure northwest winds come from a region of dry, highly-electrified air, where ozone exists in comparatively large quantities. They are invigorating. The framework of nerves in the human being is like a delicate electrical apparatus, the nerves being the wires and the brain and ganglia receiving and distributing centres.

"Every one knows that a telephone works better on a clear, dry day than on a wet, muggy one. The

some years past it has been to all admirers of our first President a matter of grave concern and regret that the most interesting relic of the Father of His Country was being allowed to fall into decay, with every prospect that it would ere long be wholly lost to the nation. The will, of which there are twenty-three pages, all in Washington's own handwriting, was filed for probate in the year 1800 at the quaint county courthouse, still standing, at Fairfax, Va. In this isolated community it has remained much of the time since, save safe keeping during the Civil War.

However, the will has been subjected to much handling at one time or another, and finally reached a state where almost every page was torn across, or rather worn through along the line of the crease made where it had been folded. Then, to make matters worse, some person attempted to restore these pages by sewing them, with the inevitable result that fresh holes were made in the precious document, and the bindings gradually wore new rents. Of late years historians and others have been seeking to have the United States Government experts restore the will.

The officials of the State Department were willing to undertake it if the will be brought to the Capital, but it could not be removed from Virginia, hence a seeming insurmountable obstacle. Finally arrangements were made to send the expert of the United States Library of Congress to Fairfax to do the work there. He de-

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, friend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thomas B. Coombs, 29 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(Second Insertion.)

7660. RIDDELL, HARRY. Age 45; English; height 5ft. 2in.; fresh complexion; auburn hair; blue eyes; carpenter. Last known address McCaul Street, Toronto, 1886. News urgently needed.

7960. BECKHAM, JOHN. Age 65; height 5ft. 9in.; brown hair; grey eyes; fair complexion; farmer; comes from Norfolk, England. Not heard of for many years.

7978. SHEEN, PETER and JOHN. Aged about 30 and 27 respectively. When quite young sent from Thornton Heath to the North Hyde School, Canada. Relatives anxious for news.

7912. WILSON, GEORGE. Age 40; dark complexion; black hair and moustache; had four false teeth in front; slightly turned up nose; had a decided limp in walk. News wanted.

7915. WOOLLEY, WILLIAM. Age 37; tall; slightly bald on top of head; missing two years and six months; probably in Winnipeg. News wanted.

7961. SCOTT, JEAN, and DAVID and BELLA STEVENSON. All single; 80, 24, and 22 years of age respectively; when last heard of, about 5 or 6 years ago, were living in Fernley, Canada. News urgently needed.

7977. STORE, ROBERT. Been in Canada 3 years; last heard of in Toronto. Has also been in Montreal; age 23. Parents, who are now in his country, enquiring.

7728. CLARKE, WILLIAM ARTHUR. Age 22; height 6ft. 6in.; brown hair; brown eyes; dark complexion; English. Last heard of in Toronto. Friends anxious for news.

7947. AVRIIS, HARRY, who was born in Birmingham, England, 26 years ago, and who came to Canada when ten years old, is at present dangerously ill in the Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary. He wishes to hear from his sisters, Mrs. Watkins, Bourne-mouth, and Mrs. Harry Rodgers, living at Nottingham, when last heard from. His father, George Avriis, died in Winchester when Harry was a child. English Cry please copy.



7972. GRAHAM, JOHN ROBERT. Canadian. Age 25; 5ft. 10in.; dark hair; grey eyes; dark complexion; scar on left hand. News urgently needed. See photo.

7971. CLEMENTS, ISRAEL WILLIAM. Age 29; height 5ft. 6in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; mark under chin. News urgently needed.

7930. CUMMING DAVID SCOTT. Scotch; married; age 27; height 5ft. 4in.; dark. Working on C. P. R., Quebec, 1908. Last heard of in Quebec. News wanted.

7969. HILL, JOHN. Age 35; height 6ft.; fair complexion; blue eyes. Last heard of 8 years ago, then at Wivale; may be in Lumber Camps near Parry Sound. Mother anxious for news.

7923. HUGHES, MRS. Age 27; height 5ft. 4in.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; comes from Yorkshire. Friends anxious for news.

7812. BAKER, ELIZABETH. Age 27; missing 18 years; last known address Fiesenton Post Office. News urgently needed.

7935. McADAMS, SANDY. American. Age 32; supposed to be single; 5ft. 10in.; brown hair; grey eyes. Last heard of in B. C., October, 1907. Mother anxious.

7903. MAKER, SYDNEY THOMAS. Age 28; height 5ft. 5in.; fair complexion; light brown hair; blue eyes; married; English; painter. Missing since December, 1909. A scar on chin. News wanted.

SALVATION SONGS.

Holiness.

Tune—"Thou Art a Mighty Saviour," B. J. 75.

1 Blessed Lamb of Calvary,
Thou hast done great things for me;
Thou didst leave Thy home above,
Thou didst suffer out of love.

Chorus:
Thou art a mighty Saviour, etc.

Draw me closer, Lord, to Thee;
May my life a blessing be;
May it be a life of love.
Lord, supply me from above!

Now, Lord, let my light so shine
That the world may know I'm Thine;
May I bear much fruit in Thee
That will stand eternally.

Tunes—Boston, B.B., 2; Confidence, B.B., 4.

2 O Thou to Whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee,
Oh, burst these bonds and set me free!

Wash out its stain, refine its dross,
Nail my affection to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean!

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow Thee!
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

War and Testimony.

Tune—"Amen for the Flag," 205.

3 Amen for the Flag to The Army
so dear!
'Tis the Flag of all lands and seas;
The Flag that is making Hell's legions
to fear.

The Flag both for war and for peace.

The flag that will ever in battle look bright.

The Flag that will wave till the wrong is put right.

The Flag that shall triumph with salvation might.

Is the Flag of The Salvation Army.

Chorus:
The Flag that guides poor sinners on their way,
The Flag that leads to endless day,
The Flag that fills all Hell with dismay,
Is the Flag of The Salvation Army.

The Flag for all people, for conquest and song.

The Flag of Blood and Fire;

The Flag for the brave, nobly marching along,

The Flag that is leading us higher;

The Flag and the music that cheers up the way,

7999. RASMUSSEN, LOUIS MICHAEL. Danish; tall and slender; black hair; book-keeper; last heard of in Hawkesbury, Ont., 1907. News wanted.

7917. GODWIN, E. Age 19; Canadian; dark hair; dark eyes; missing 13 years. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

7934. OLSEN, OLAVES. Age 33; medium height; stout; bald. Last heard of in April, 1905, Alaska. News wanted.

7913. GREEN ODONIAH. English. Age 50; fair hair; grey eyes; fair complexion; fruit packer; scar across one eye. Missing twelve years. Last known address, Halifax.

7743. ANNIE, IRENE and MINNIE TRAMLEY. Age 19, 17 and 15 respectively. Canadians; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; missing twelve years. Last heard of at Ab-dore, Ontario. News wanted.

7900. PRINCE, WILLIAM. Last heard of six years ago. Was then at Angus, Ontario, on a small farm; was also driving mail wagon. Height 5ft. 9in.; dark complexion. News wanted.

The Flag that will conquer, oppose it who may,

The Flag that is giving to Jesus the sway.

Is the Flag of The Salvation Army.

Tune—"Oh What Battles," 107.

4 Oh what battles I've been in,
And what conflicts I have seen,
But in darkness, as in brightness, He is mine;

Oh, what mocking and what shame
I can suffer for His name,
For in glory as the stars He'll make me shine!

Washed in the blood white as snow,
Nothing am I seeking here below;
There's no more strife in my soul,
I know,
And nought can my peace overthrow.

What a sinner I have been,
What a Saviour I have seen,
For He's saved me from my sorrow
and my woe;

And when lost to all around,
My Redeemer then I found,
And His pardoning love and mercy
now I know.

Salvation.

Tunes—"Tell Me the Old, Old Story; Ellacombe, B.B., 30.

5 Come, with me visit Calvary,
Where our Redeemer died;

His blood now fills the fountain,
'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide.

He died from sin to sever
Our hearts and lives complete;

He saves and keep for ever
Those living at His feet.

God's great free, full salvation
Is offered here and now;

Complete blood-bought redemption
Can be obtained by you;

Reach out faith's hand, now claiming,
The cleansing flood will flow;

Look up just now, believing,
His fulness you shall know.

Tunes—"Who'll Be the Next," 293; Song-Book, No. 57.

6 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next His cross to bear?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting;

Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

Chorus:

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Come and bow at His precious feet.

Who'll be the next to lay every burden

Down at the Father's Mercy-seat?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next to praise His name?

Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption?

Sing Hallelujah! Praise the Lamb?

7924. LAING, CHARLES. Age 29; height 5ft. 8in.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion Scotchman. Missing nine months. Last heard of in Brinsmead. Said he was going east. At one time worked in Marysville, B. C. News wanted.

7935. PEELER, JOHN. Age 38; height 6ft.; fair complexion. Canadian; dark brown hair; blue eyes; gold tooth in front; married; horse dealer. Missing two years. Last heard of in Toronto. Believed to be somewhere in the vicinity of Hamilton. News urgently needed.

7849. HUDSON RELATIVES. Miss Elizabeth Hudson wishes to find her father's people; Aunt Sarah and Uncle Joseph. Her father and mother are both dead. They came to Toronto in 1860. Anybody who can give information, please write above office.

7923. HUGHES, MRS. M. A., nee FORD. Came to this country with her husband and family in Spring, 1906. Last heard of in 1908, Montreal. Age 27; height 5ft. 4in.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. From Yorkshire, England. News wanted.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WHITE

Will Conduct Meetings

AT TORONTO I.

ON JULY 31ST.

T. S. F. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Hiles, Halifax Division—
Sydney Mines, July 21, 22; New Glasgow, July 23-27.

Captain Eastwell of the Territorial Training Home will visit the following places:—

Bracebridge, Saturday and Sunday, 23rd and 24th.

Lindsay, Monday and Tuesday, 25th and 26th.

Penelon Falls, Wednesday and Thursday, 27th and 28th.

Bowmanville, Friday, 29th.

Oshawa, Saturday and Sunday, 30th and 31st.

All intending candidates should see the Captain.

7928. GERRE, MRS. EDITH SARAH. Age 37. Been in Canada three years. Last heard of in Lachine, Montreal; may be attending some Wesleyan Mission. News wanted.

7880. ARNOLD, J. D. American; age 40; height 5ft., 10in.; fair complexion; light hair; blue eyes; missing eleven years; was in the South African War; accustomed to attend Y. M. C. A. An old friend, A. Brault, anxious for news.

7853. WOODS, RACHEL, (or Mrs. Till.) Age 25; brown hair; brown eyes; English; missing two years. Last known address, Toronto. Friends anxious.

7833. HUTCHINSON, CHAS. F., or ANDERSON. Age 19; height 5ft., 8, or 9 in.; brown hair; fair complexion; hazel eyes. Canadian. Missing four years; very quick and bright. News wanted.

7933. ROSS, CHARLES. Age 80. Last heard of 1872, York, Ontario. Farmer. News wanted.

7897. SAUNDERS, DONALD. Journalist. Last heard of in Vancouver. Married. News wanted.

7580. JNO. GARNETT, (alias Mr. Bride.) English age 46; height 5ft., 9in.; fair; blue eyes; clean skin; married; bartender. News wanted. (See photo.)

7816. GEORGE ALBX. DAVIDSON. Age 26; height 5ft., 9½ in.; black curly hair; dark eyes; Carpenter. Missing for the last two years.

age 38; height 5ft. 6in.; black hair; dark eyes; dark complexion. Been missing two years. Last known address, 233 Yonge Street, Toronto. News urgently needed.

7861. CAMERON, DUGALD. Age 51; height 5ft., 9in.; dark hair; grey eyes; fair complexion. Came to Canada, March, 1908. Last heard of working in Sydney Mines, C. B. Friends anxious.

7857. GROVE, JAMES J. Athletic build; curly brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; tattooed on both arms; has served in the Canadian Royal Regiment in Halifax. Last heard of coming to Toronto. Missing six years. News wanted.

7909. BRENNAN, FRANK MAURICE. Dark complexion; height 5ft., 11in. well-built; Roman Catholic; may be farming. Last heard of in South Africa; may be in Canada or Australia, was in the Imperial Light Horse until the close of the Boer War. Wanted on very important business matter.

7925. WRIGHT, HARRY MABERLY. Age 23; single; short; dark hair; brown eyes; dark complexion. Englishman. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

7862. TASSELL, WM. Age 31; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; been in Canada ten years.